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FROM VIRGINIA.

LETTER FROM MISS HOLLEY.

LOTTSBURG, Va., March, 1869.

DEAR MR. POWELL: It is surprising that *ice*, even in this Southern latitude, and this mild winter, should interrupt travel and communication so much, that Northumberland County, at the mouth of the Potomac, is for three winter months, practically farther from the Capital of our nation than London. The mails are often two weeks getting over the 150 miles! Queen Victoria and Bismark will read Grant's inaugural speech before I do! My progress through Virginia in February, was from Washington to Acquia Creek of war-noted fame, then by cars to Richmond, a miserable looking place. My colored guide to the depot of the York River Railroad showed me, with all their atrocious memories, Castle Thunder and Libby Prison. Fair Oaks, with its bloody field of July '62, and the Chickahominy, forever publishing to the world McClellan's treacherous campaign, lay in my route. West Point is the end of all railroad travel in this part of Virginia. No sort of public conveyance to take me another step, and the conducter wanted to persuade me to turn back to Richmond. But light enough dawned over my way to advance, and by means of a little row boat, an old lumber wagon, walking miles and miles, a Union man's old rockaway, sailing ten miles on the Rappahannock, tiny ox-team and cart, broken down buggy, I crossed a distance variously figured by the dim ideas of "our Southern brethren" from thirty to one hundred miles. Urbanna, on the south bank of the Rappahannock, is older than Philadelphia, and looks older than Methuselah! My heart ached to see the desolate, rude wild air of almost everything. The people bear in face and whole presence the stamp of Virginia sin and ignorance. No generous humanities, no broad ideas, no high emotions, no free schools and newspapers; suspicious, dreading the North. They resemble each other, and speak in the same tones and phrases. "I'm a *heap better* than I was yesterday'" said a lady in the parlor at the hotel in Richmond.

The Rappahannock is a grand and beautiful river—

"Where the Linkum gun-boats lay,"

as, going over, our black sailor sung. The river was alive with flocks of mallard ducks, the same sight of countless wild fowl, that met the eyes of Lord Baltimore's company 240 years ago, on the waters of this coast. My sail of ten miles that charming day was delightful.

These Virginia people live in houses far back in fields and woods, with two or three gates between them and the road, and if you attempt to approach one, ugly dogs threaten with loud, fierce, barking. It is the universal custom to arm with a stout stick to keep from being torn and bitten.

And when I saw the old slaveholders they all complained to me how bad the negroes are.—"Can't be educated," "won't work," "will starve now there is nobody to take care of them," "worse off than ever before," "a very inert race," as Imboden impudently published in the *New York Tribune*. The fact is these white Virginians *don't know* the black people though living all their lives together. Tyrants never understand the character and talent of their victims. In presence of the "old master," these black folks do seem stolid and dull, "inert" with fear, blank with servility. As was said of Napoleon when in the presence of Madame De Staël, "he discharged his face of all expression whatever." But a striking change comes over these colored people in the friendly presence of a Yankee abolitionist; a bright understanding, a joyful countenance appears where before all was so dark and close. A contrast so great, I thought of that old chariot of Light and Elijah! Spirit overcoming, a matter like a transfiguration! One day a colored woman of 80 came to see me. She was so bright and happy that on leaving, she said, "Please scuse me, I'se *so proud* when I gets long wid de North population!" "I knows *you* was North population quick as I seen you!"

The sin-struck look of the country and the, tales of terrible wrong and outrage endured, have made me "mourn" every day since I entered the State. The half of Slavery's hideous cruelty has never been told. No lips—of colored people—open but to speak of plundered rights, the scattered wrecks of families, the partings bitterer than death. "There, on one day, I had a wife and six children sold, and never heard of them since," said Joshua Gaskens to me. "There my child was sold"—"There my sister was sold and took off to Richmond"—"They took my husband and sold him, and I am alone," etc., I hear at every turn.

At every court house the spot where the auction block stood is pointed out. Nobody among these black people but has had some near and loved relative sold away out of sight and hearing forever. So blunted to the common refinement of civilized life are these old slaveholders, that Col. Claybrook did not hesitate to tell Miss Putnam herself that he "beat" his woman servant the night before she left him, the Christmas after the fall of Richmond—Mrs. Thornton Parker—"I whaled her with my cane, I basted her shoulders well." The consolation (if there can be any for such iniquity) for all this curse of slavery is that here now, the great struggle for human rights is going on, that lifts any community on the globe into importance and the interest of all great and good minds. The freedmen held a mass meeting the other day. It was an eloquently moving sight, those listening eager faces, that must grow into intelligence through *hearing* the word, for their responsibilities of citizenship, come too fast for them to learn public affairs by reading. The work of the meeting was to nominate the Representative to the Legislature. The only loyal man in this county, fitted by experience and fidelity to their interests, is Mr. Nash, the delegate they sent to frame the new Constitution. But already the freedmen's votes are courted by men who will betray their welfare, and it was pitiful to see what advantage would be taken by Ex-Bureau officers—young men anxious to have the vote of the conservative whites and needing the black vote (which is the majority in this county) to lift them to office. As the great principles were discussed with point and force, I felt anew the wisdom of Mr. Phillips' theory that suffrage is in itself a grand means of education.

The originality and bright-mindedness of these colored people, make Miss Putnam laugh and wonder if it is not owing to the phosphorus of fresh fish and oysters, as Agassiz thinks, that makes larger and finer brains? These shore-living people catch their share of the fifteen millions of bushels of oysters annually dredged out of Chesapeake Bay. They could not tell the days of the week, the months of the year, how many cents make a dollar, or how many minutes in an hour—nor how old they were when Miss Putnam first came. All I see of their aptitude in both day and night school convinces me of their great capacity for improvement, with a basis of experience that will make grand elements of character.

Coming across the country, often my road lay through unfenced pine woods, full of the beautiful holly tree, its red berries clustered thickly among the green, shiny prickly leaves. "Mighty wholesome for the fingers," as I was informed when I tried to get a bunch. The great dark turkey buzzards hovered over us, sailing and sailing around in the air, "without flapping their wings mo' once or twice in an hour," as a black boy said. The people have the superstition that sailors have about the albatross—that it is ill luck to kill one, so they grow very tame and sit about to rest on trees and fences.

Very truly,

SALLIE HOLLEY.

LANDS FOR THE FREEDMEN.

HERNDON, FAIRFAX COUNTY, March 29th, 1869.

To the Editor of the Standard:

J. M. WOOD has "hit the nail on the head"—"It would be far better to sell land to the Freedmen, at a moderate price on a reasonable time, than to give it to them." Yes, let us encourage them to *pay* for their HOMES.

A few days since I met Mr. Hunt in the Freedmens' Savings Banks, Washington, D. C. He was from Missouri, on his way to New York, Boston, and other cities, his mind filled with this special mission, namely—to get men of large hearts and ample funds, to invest money to buy land to be sold to Freedmen. I had the pleasure of giving him a letter to a distinguished merchant of New York, (residence, Brooklyn) hoping to enlist him in the enterprise. Mr. Hunt pressed the matter on the attention of Col. D. L. Eaton, (an officer of the bank) who responded with much interest, saying that he had received many letters on the subject. Many minds are moving in that direction. Let me put the vast plan "in a nut shell"—on a large scale work must be done, which EMILY HOWLAND has done on a small scale. She has given us the model—let us enlarge it—that is all—yet, that is much.

"Get land," I say to colored people wherever I meet them. At weddings I make talks on the subject. At a large wedding party, on the eve of the 27th inst. my land speech called forth this reply—"Let us see that the laws of Virginia are such that we can live under them, and we will get land." What a combination of positions! We need the votes of these men to shape the laws: they need land that they may vote unrestrainedly.

Yours truly,

J. R. JOHNSON.

AN APPEAL FROM COLORED SUFFERERS IN GEORGIA.

LETTER FROM HON. H. M. TURNER.

MACON, Ga., March 29th, 1869.

HON. J. M. SIMMS: You are aware that our large and spacious church was burned down in this place some five weeks ago—on the 19th of February. Since then our people have gone to work to try to rebuild another house for the worship of God. It is needless for me to tell you that 900 members are out doors, many of whom are almost penniless. But I am proud to inform you, that poor and indigent as they are, they have gone to work with a zeal, and trust in God, which augers well for their success. We have the foundation of a spacious church already laid, and are adding to it as rapidly as our scanty means will enable us. The whites, who have professed such great friendship heretofore, are proving it now in our distress, by giving us the handsome sum of *nothing*. This is their mode of demonstrating their transcendent love for the colored people. First, they burn down their churches; then give nothing to rebuild them. I would be glad to have you read this letter before any audience you may address, if not inconvenient, or if it does not conflict with your other duties. And should you find a generous-hearted friend, who might be pleased to help a poor struggling people, you will do us a great favor to receive it for us; and at the same time assure them our thanks, and our prayers in their behalf. We are proud to hear of your great success at the North, in the cause of equal rights. Your friends here are praying for you, and hope God may crown your labors with abundant blessings. I have just been down in South-West Georgia to get one of our colored legislators out of jail. He has been in prison sixty-four days, because he would not promise to join the Democratic party, I mean Hon. F. H. Fyall. He told them he would remain in jail till he rotted before he would forsake his principles. I found the jails generally full of colored men, for all kinds of falsely charged offences. If Congress does not relieve us before long, we will be compelled to relieve ourselves.

Should any kind-hearted souls give you anything to help us with our church, please get their names, so we can remember them for all future time.

Your co-laborer,

H. M. TURNER.

DOES GRANT MEAN PEACE?—Since the Administration was inaugurated, Ku-Klux outrages have been most violent. Dr. Darden, of Warren County, Georgia, killed in a personal difficulty the editor of a Ku-Klux journal. He immediately surrendered himself, and was put in jail. The Ku-Klux took possession of the jail Friday before last, brought the Doctor out, and in the presence of his wife and children, put not less than one hundred and fifty balls into his body. The sheriff is at Atlanta, asking protection. Last week, not far from that city, they beat eleven colored men almost to death, and shot another dead. Where is the President? He should let the office-seekers go, and save these loyal lives. There can be no excuse now for such outrages. The President ought to instantly issue a proclamation against these villains, and follow it up by an order to the military governor of that district to arrest, at any cost, the offenders; to try them at drum-head court-martial, and hang them as soon as convicted. Only such summary treatment will extirpate the disease. Wendell Phillips is right when he calls for this action on the part of the Government. We *must* have peace.—*Zion's Herald.*

MILITARY OUTRAGES.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Christian (Boston) *Register*, Dr. Bartol, thus writes of the recent military outrages in Florida:

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., Feb. 26th, 1869.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:

Diverse accounts will reach you of disgraceful doings here, I wish I could say, without a parallel in the South, although I know not what has happened worse. A state of ill feeling, arising out of that sort of illicit relation between the sexes, in which through the whole Southern region white blood is the notorious sinner and almost invariably takes the first step, broke out last Monday night, into the actual riot, for which repeated personal quarrels had prepared the way. On a report from some soldiers that they had been fired at by a negro in town, a patrol was sent to the railroad bridge. Strife soon took place, shots were exchanged with a party of colored men, and one soldier was wounded. The patrol retreated to camp, followed by a mob, mixed with a crowd of people from the town, which, however, at the order of the sheriff was easily dispersed. The whole garrison was called to arms, and the difficulty seemed to be over. But here the evil seriously and with satanic purpose began. A body of soldiers, led by commissioned officers, marched swiftly down the street, against the remonstrances of the sheriff, was divided into squads, *ordered* to "charge upon the block" called "Rotten Row," and, in profane terms which I need not repeat, kill every negro. The command was obeyed at once, not only by shooting in this one place, but by wanton firing in every direction. The soldiers then raced in random troops through the streets, seizing every black man they could find, and discharging their pieces at all who refused to stop at their word. They were a regiment no longer, but a mob of muskets. Several persons were savagely beaten; one harmless old man had his head cut open with an officer's sword; another was badly hurt by one of the reckless balls flying everywhere about, and a young colored man instantly killed, while persons at peace in their houses, barely escaped death from bullets through the walls. A coroner's inquest over the body of the dead man ended in the impotent verdict that his murderers were unknown.

On this summary of facts, what shall we say has taken place but *a military murder*? For what, in effect, have muskets been put into these soldiers hands but to *commit* murder? What are the officers who manœuvered these evolutions of blood, but homicides on principle and in the pay of the government of the land? If investigation be not secured and justice in the premises done by fit penalties on the guilty, how stands the act of the nation itself but as authorized slaughter of the innocent, or at least misprision of a capital crime?

It cannot be pretended that these deeds have the apology of the least necessity for the safety of the camp. The best that can be said for them is to plead that motive of revenge, which, if allowed to palliate any wrong, had a better ground on the principal sufferers' side. The public opinion in this town respecting these shameful transactions seems healthy and right. But how ought all good citizens of the country to hang their heads, knowing the mean occasion of such iniquity to be the possession of a gun in the hands of our own trustees! Truly what a basis we build for contempt of ourselves by those we call rebels, from whom we appear to protect the colored population only to inflict injury they would not dream of, but turn the tables of judgment upon us terribly to condemn. While municipal authority here seems helpless to discover and arrest the offenders in this case, and perhaps no Congressional committee can be hoped for, that might ferret them out, ought not the superior and appointing power in the army to vindicate equity by ascertaining and cashiering, or stripping of their uniform, the wrong-doing officers and soldiers privy to this armed assassination, if it cannot fix upon the individuals to be put on trial for their life? No court on earth can reach with its decree that hatred of color which is still the common, unextinguished impulse to cruelty in our land. But when the hate breaks into causeless bloodshed in our service, the responsibility lies at our door. What but God's mercy kept scores of persons, working by their candles, or ready to lie down in their beds, from falling under those leaden minie missiles which can fly unspent a mile and take life, and were here at midnight in countless profusion so wantonly dispatched? Only a black man was killed! If a white man or woman, at the Taylor House or the St. James Hotel—as might readily have occurred—had been slain, would complaint cease or inquiry rest?

But as it is a sport up the creeks and bayous of the "St. John's" river to hunt alligators with rifles, so not a few persons seem to think Africans an equally fair and worthless and economically exterminated game. They, on their part, happy in rags, disposed to earn an honest living, singing as they go, with impurtable and astonishing good-nature as a race submit to much oppression with little murmuring, for "patience is the badge of all their tribe." Laboring men and women, as they return home at night from their work, creep by every back, solitary way to get safe to their obscure hovels. It alarms an observer to note the promiscuous and indiscriminating dislike of many still for the negro as such. One man told me he suspected the blacks of stealing some sweet potatoes, and would avenge himself on them fatally; *if he could not find the right ones he would take the wrong.* Surely this antipathy is an ill omen for the future of both races, black and white. I trust it is only, in its aggravation, an accompaniment of the great transition to freedom. No thoughtful person in the South have I found who wishes slavery back, and no black man who would be a slave again. Better for the race to die out than be in bondage! Let us save them with education, religion, industry and especially fair dealing. That the late transaction with them was not only foul, but is yet a stain on the robe of all American citizenship, who will not be forced to conclude? *Inter arma silent leges*, runs the old Roman sentence. But that the clash of our weapons should strike law dumb; that the instrument of liberty should become the tool of license and minister of outrage; and that those whose legal armor for civil equity and the common weal puts them under a double responsibility, should use it to reduplicate mischief alone, is an ignominy for us in every way to wipe off, atone for, and in time to come prevent.

C. A. B.

A CATHOLIC AT THE SOUTH.

From the New York Tribune.

WE take pleasure in making some extracts from a private letter, written to Charles A. Lane, Esq., by his friend, the Rev. Thomas Farrell, of St. Joseph's Catholic Church of this city, who is sojourning in the South during the winter for the benefit of his health. The letter is dated Green Cove Springs, Florida, February 21st. It is a remarkably lucid statement of the case, and, coming as it does from a Roman Catholic clergyman, than whom few can be found more zealous and devoted in his calling, it must be potent if not to remove, at least to shame once more the base prejudices and paltry subterfuges of those who labor to keep a whole people in antagonism with the legitimate progress of the American Nation:

* * * I was told before I left home that the negroes were anxious to return to their masters, and to get back again into slavery. Well, I have questioned the aged, weighed down by years and broken down with hard toil; I have questioned the poor in their abject and cheerless poverty; and the answer of all was the same in substance. Were you anxious to become free? "We, Sir? The Lord knows how we panted and prayed for that day; but was it not long a coming? Still, the Lord knows best, I suppose." Would you not like to go back to slavery? "No, Sir; I would die first; they would have to kill me, sure.

It is said that the colored people will die out; well, I suppose we shall all have to die when the time comes, and I am of the opinion that the colored people will not die any sooner than other folks. Judging from appearances, I would say that they are much healthier than the whites; and, calculating from the number of children they have, I could never guess the time of their dying out. In the State of Georgia, for the year 1868, the marriages of the blacks exceeded those of the whites by quite a respectable number. Persons who make predictions about the dying out of the colored people have, I suspect, very little confidence in their pet theory of the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon or Caucasian blood; for, judging from their complexions, the colored population have a great deal of Anglo-Saxon blood in their veins; and, judging from their names, I would say they had also a good deal of Celtic blood in them.

* * * I hear it often asked, do you want me to sit in the Legislature with a negro? My answer is, No. I don't want you nor any man to sit anywhere that is inconvenient for you, or does not suit you. But, if the people elect a man to represent them in the Legislature, I want you to submit to their votes, and respect their choice; otherwise you are not fit for a Republican form of government. Is it not remarkable that the same question used to be indignantly asked a few years ago in New York, in order to prevent the colored people from riding in the city cars. The persons who asked the questions were often, at least in their own estimation, humane, gentlemanly, and Christian men. Not a doubt of it! I would like to see the man that dared to question it! * * *

THOMAS FARRELL.

FORREST AND THE NEGROES.

SINCE the instantaneous conversion of Paul there has been nothing like that of Fort Pillow Forrest. A correspondent of a Louisville paper says:

A few days ago, Gen. Forrest and Maj. Minor Merriweather, engineer of the levees on the Mississippi, were my companions part of the way from New Orleans. As we passed through beautiful tracts of country lying waste, I asked Gen. Forrest how it could ever be repopulated.

"With negroes," was his reply; "they are the best laborers we have ever had in the South. Those among us behaved during the war in such a manner that I shall always respect them for it, and I would not have one of mine back, nor have them enslaved, if I could. My house servants are with me yet in Memphis, and never would leave me."

"But how, Gen.," continued I, "are you to repopulate with negroes?" "Get them from Africa," was his startling reply—"they'll improve after getting here; are the most imitative creatures in the world, and if you put them in squads of ten, with one experienced leader in each squad, they will soon revive our country. I want Northern men to come in here, and would protect any man who comes to build up the country with my life; but they won't come; then, I say, let's get Africans. By pursuing a liberal policy to them we can benefit them and they us. The prisoners taken in war over there can be turned over to us, and emigrate and be freedmen here."

THE *Norfolk Journal* has discovered to its disgust that the Southern song of "Dixie" not only originated in the North, but was first written for and sung by John Brown Abolitionists. The party who proposes to "take his stand in Dixie's land" is a runaway slave expressing his intention of returning to the South, seize his master's plantation, and "live and die in Dixie;" Slavery is referred to metaphorically as "Johnny's pig that lived in the clover; but when it died it died all over." This was the opening song of many Abolition gatherings, before the war, and edition after edition was called for. The very term "Dixie" was original with the Abolitionist author, and was never in use before his application of it. The air itself is that of an old Scotch love song arranged in double-quick time. The people of the South failed to discern the object with which this Abolition song was written, and it became popular as the "national" song of the Confederacy.

THERE are two thousand negroes of legal age in Connecticut. The Democratic majority for Governor last spring was only 1800. Last fall the Republican majority for President was over three thousand. If the Republicans of 1865 had not been so idiotic as to vote against the negro suffrage amendment to the State constitution there would now be no difficulty in triumphing over the enemy without a contest, and Connecticut would take her stand equally as a Republican State with the rest of New England. As it is, one, and perhaps three Congressmen will be Democrats.—*Maine State Press.*

THE Legislature of this State, by its rejection of the Suffrage Amendment, has certified, anew, its resolute opposition to the general sentiment of the Republic, its hostility to President Grant and Congress, and its continuing hatred of the colored citizens of the State. The time had come, with the offering of this proposition, when the Democratic party in Delaware could have taken a respectable, if not a commanding, position. They have always been peace men. A very few of them went into their army during the war. Here was a measure, peculiarly and truly calculated to set at rest a heated political controversy, and bring its sure and peaceful solutions. They have professed too, to be the friends of the colored people. Here was an opportunity to prove that friendship. They claim the name of Democrats. Here was a proposition to establish real Democracy—people-power—in Delaware. They have pretended to be just men. Here was one of the strongest appeals for justice, from thirty thousand people of their own State.

But they did not ratify the Amendment. They are the pebble that will scotch the wheel of progress! They are the heroic handful that is to drive backward the whole American nation! Bravo, gentlemen, stick to it! You had a slim chance, ten days ago, of conciliating the colored voters of Delaware. Now, you have spit in their faces, once more.—*The Delaware Tribune.*

POLITICAL MURDERS.

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., March, 1869.

To the Editor of the Standard:

OF all the wanton and wicked murders which were committed by the Ku-Klux-Klan during the recent Presidential campaign, that of the late Hon. B. F. Randolph, Senator from the Orangeburg district of South Carolina, was one of the most appalling. I have just read the testimony of his murderer; and thinking that it might serve as another incentive to our executives for a sharp, stern, severe and decisive hand in dealing with these rebels of the South, I thought I would send it to you for publication.

T. W. C.

THE POLITICAL MURDERS IN THIS STATE.

From the Charleston (S. C.) Republican.

The fearful condition of portions of this State during the late Presidential campaign is well known. Murder followed murder for political opinions' sake. Crime of all descriptions was rampant. The whole nation was appalled in the presence of the enormous wickedness revealed. Such damage was done to this State, to her fame, her material interests, as will abide for years. We have already published the records of many of these crimes. The Democratic press denied and still deny many of these acts, and have sought and still seek to prove that they were not political. For the sake of truth, for the sake of justice, their attention and that of other men is called to the following, a deposition of Wm. K. Tolbert, one of the murderers of the Hon. B. F. Randolph, given a few days ago as evidence in the contested election case of Judge S. L. Hoge *vs.* J. P. Reid:

Deposition of William K. Tolbert, taken before Hon. William Hutson Wigg, Judge of the Probate Court, February 12th, 1869, in a contested election case between S. L. Hoge and J. P. Reid—J. D. Pope, Esq., counsel for the latter.

William K. Tolbert, being of lawful age, being duly sworn, says:

Question—What is your name, where do you reside, and what is your occupation?

Answer—I live at Greenwood, Abbeville County. Farming.

Q.—How long have you lived in Abbeville County?

A.—All my life.

Q.—Were you in Abbeville County during the months of July, August, September, October, and November, 1868?

A.—I was.

Q.—Did you belong to either of the political parties during the last campaign?

A.—I did

Q.—To which one?

A.—Democrat.

Q.—How was the Democratic party organized in Abbeville County?

A.—Into Clubs. Democratic Clubs.

Q.—Did you belong to one of those Clubs?

A.—Yes, to Greenwood Club.

Q—Where did your Club hold its meetings?

A.—At the depot. Met once a week.

Q.—Were your meetings public?

A.—Public to Democrats, but not to Radicals. No Radicals allowed to come in.

Q.—Did you take an oath as a member of these Clubs?

A.—Not when I joined.

Q.—Were there any secret organizations connected with these Clubs?

A.—Yes, sir. Committees were appointed which met in secret, and they appointed men to patrol in each different neighborhood.

Q.—For what purpose were these men detailed to patrol?

A.—To find out where the negroes were holding Union Leagues.

Q.—What other instructions had they, if any?

A.—To break them up, to kill their leaders, fire into them, and kill the leaders if they could.

Q.—Were those the instructions given in all the clubs?

A.—Can't say, throughout the country, but believe they were.

Q.—Were these instructions given and enforced at any time, and put execution against any of the Union Leagues in Abbeville?

A.—They patrolled for them, but could not find where they were held.

Q.—Were there any other instructions given to these committees by the Democratic clubs in relation to the election to be held on the 3rd of November?

A.—Yes, sir the day before the election the tickets were taken away from the Republican party, from those who had charge of them, by these committees. The committees were riding for them the night before the election; taking them wherever they could find them. I was one of the gangs myself. Ten or eleven were with me. I was a member of the committee myself. Destroyed the tickets. All of us were armed.

Q.—What were your instructions, if the persons having the tickets in charge refused to give them up?

A.—Shoot them, and take them by force.

Q.—Have you the means of knowing, and do you know, what was the political sentiments of the negro population in Abbeville County, and how they would have voted if they had been allowed to vote?

A.—There were at least four colored votes to one white vote in the County. They would have voted for the Republican candidate—for you, (Judge Hoge)—at least ninety-nine out of each hundred.

Q.—Where were you on the day of election, November 3d, 1868?

A.—In the fore part of the day at a votiug precinct, Greenwood, in Abbeville County. A courier came in from White Hall precinct, Abbeville County, saying they were fighting there, (this was about 1 o'clock), and that the Republicans were about whipping. A squad of us, armed, about thirty in number, besides myself, were sent there. When we got there, the Republicans were all gone, except one, who was lying there dead. Heard that others were wounded. There had been some shooting. Don't know if the Republicans shot. No white man was shot. Only two colored men were allowed to vote before shooting commenced. Four to five hundred colored men usually voted at this precinct, who, if allowed to vote, would have voted the Republican ticket.

Q.—Did the Democrats come to the White Hall polling precinct armed, on the day of the election?

A.—Every one, so far as I knew. It was a general understanding throughout the County, that all were to go armed.

Q.—State what occurred at Greenwood precinct up to the time you left to go to White Hall?

A.—Well, the negroes, to the number of about four hundred voters, assembled about one hundred and fifty yards from the polls; the white men, Democrats, were all round the door, Captain J. G. Boozer was sitting right by the door, to examine the tickets. Two Republican colored men came up to vote; they came from the main body. He said, "Let me see your papers." They pulled out the Republican ticket with Hoge's name for Congress. He told them they could not vote them sort there; they would have to go somewhere else to vote those papers. Boozer was armed. The negroes turned back to the main body, who saw that there was no chance to vote, so they disbanded and went home. There were about four hundred of them, all voters in Abbeville County, and who would have voted the Republican ticket. In a fair election, the Republican ticket would have a majority of twelve to fifteen hundred in Abbeville County. (The official return made the Democratic majority 1,920). There was a clear understanding that the Democrats would force the Republicans from the polls if they undertook to vote—force them by arms. We were all armed, and intended, if they rushed in, we would rush them back, shooting into them.

It was not safe for Republican speakers to canvas the County. The general understanding was that they were to be shot, killed, stopped. He knew of four that were shot. One got over it; three were killed. Several others were shot and wounded, but he does not know the persons. They were killed because of the influence they had in the Republican party. The killed were James Martin, a member of the Legislature from Abbeville, B. G. Randolph, and another man at White Hall on the day of election. Randolph was killed at Hodge's Depot, on the 16th of October, about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. He (Tolbert) was present, was known and recognized by the citizens living at Hodge's Depot, and talked with half a dozen of them—Fletch, Hodges, Langdon, Conner, Jim Cochran.

Q.—State how you happened to be at Hodge's Depot the day Randolph was killed?

A.—I heard he was going to make a speech there, and I went up to hear it. When I got there, they told me he was not going to speak there; that he had gone up to Abbeville, C. H., and was going to Anderson that night—on the afternoon train. Joshua Logan and J. W. Tolbert, came to the depot with me. Both were well-known at Hodge's Depot. When we arrived there, we found a crowd of men, some eight or ten, besides our number. We commenced talking about Randolph; that he had threatened to Col. Aiken to burn up the State; that he could do it in three words, and that we must kill him, Langdon Connor and Fletch Hodges said to us, after we came up. We all were armed, I mean at Hodge's Depot. They put up a target, and we all shot off our pistols at it. We did it to reload our pistols, as as to be sure they would fire, being freshly loaded. They put it on Logan, Tolbert and myself to do the shooting, saying that as we did not live there, the negroes would not know us. If any more shooting was to be done, they would do it. That if Randolph's guard fired on us, they would fire on them.

When the train came in, Langdon Conner went to the conductor, and asked him if Randolph was on board, and he came back and said he was on the train. The train ran up to the side of the platform. Randolph was sitting by the door of the car. The rest all went to the upper end of the platform, and got on the platform. I went to the lower end. Just at this time, the Greenville train ran up. Randolph immediately changed cars, and walked back into the last passenger car, and took his seat. James Cochran stepped up to me at that time, and says: "Bill, you fellows ought to have been disguised." I said: "Jim what do you think of it anyhow?" He says: "He ought to be killed, and now is the time to do it, right now" Fletch Hodges came up with a roll of money in his hand, and says: "As soon as you do it, we give you this, and we back you; and if there is any more shooting, we will do it." By this time, Randolph had got off his seat, and walked out on the platform of the car. John Brooks came up with his pistol in his hand, and he says: "Now is your time; here he stands on the platform," and he pointed him out to me. Logan, Tolbert and myself done the shooting. We all three shot him, and he was killed dead. Langdon Conner told me to go on; they would do the balance. He had his pistol in his hand. We got on our horses and rode off. No person attempted to arrest us. We went to Aleck Ellis', about two and a half miles off. He was not at home. We wanted to see him on business. He was at Cokesbury. Logan and Tolbert went to Cokesbury to see him, and found him there in a Democratic meeting. They came back to Aleck Ellis', with him. They told me that Randolph's name was brought up in the Democratic meeting, as to what they should do with him. Some said, "Cut him up and feed him to the dogs." Others said, "they would box him up and express him to Gov. Scott as a present." Ellis knew that he was killed, and killed by us, and that some of the members of the Democratic Club saw it done; saw Randolph killed. (Witness was here warned by the respondent's counsel, Joseph D. Pope, Esq., to speak only from his own knowledge, to which Tolbert replied: "I speak from my own knowledge)." The members of the Democratic Club that I remember as being present were: James Cochran, Langdon Conner, and Fletcher Hodges. They advised me to shoot Randolph; to kill him, and they would back me in it.

Q.—State if there existed in Abbeville, or in any other of the Counties in the Third Congressional District, an organization known as the Ku-Klux-Klan?

A.—There was. I do not know of my own knowledge that it existed in other Counties; but from pass-words and signs, believe that it did; given by members that I knew by sign belonged to to the Klan in other Counties. It was a secret organization of persons belonging to the Democratic party, known as the Ku-Klux-Klan, existing in the Counties of the Third Congressional District. I know that it existed in Edgefield, Abbeville and Laurens. Members took an oath on joining. Nearly all the members of the Democratic party belonged to the Klan. Among them were: Capt. J. G. Boozer, D. Cresswell; Fletch Hodges, Langdon Conner, Bob Stansler. Don't know that Dr Wyatt Aiken did. The object of the Klan was to regulate the Republican party; break it up if they could, and strengthen the Democratic party. To do this, they were to kill off the leaders of the Republican party, and drive them out of the State. The oath taken by the members was this: To do whatever their leaders ordered them to do. We had a leader in every organization, who was known as Captain of the company, and we were sworn to obey his orders. He told us to find out where the Union Leagues met; to fire into them, and kill the Presidents, if we could. It was understood that Randolph was the man that organized the Union Leagues in South Carolina, and that was one of the reasons why he was killed. We had a meeting the night before the election, and had orders from our Captain to come early to the precinct next morning armed, and not allow a negro Republican to cast a vote; to try to persuade them to vote the Democratic ticket, and if they insisted upon voting, to force them back; fight them; kill them; shoot them. John G. Boozer was the Captain. About twenty members that I know, but there were more than that.

W. K. TOLBERT.

COLONIZATION OF VIRGINIA.

A CONVENTION of those interested in colonizing certain lands in Virginia was held at the Meionaon yesterday. Rev. John T. Sargent presided, and Dr. P. B. Randolph acted as secretary.

Proceedings were commenced by the reading of a circular, and a statement of the advantages offered in the soil, climate, etc., of Virginia, by L. C. Tibbetts of Fredericksburg, Va. The circular set forth a scheme for payment of lands by a gradual process, to continue during a period of eight years, the proceeds remaining meanwhile in the hands of a board of officers already organized.

Capt. Mayo of Virginia made an address, in which he portrayed the advantages possessed by that State for Northern laborers to establish themselves in, and claimed that the people there would heartily welcome all such persons to the State; he also spoke of the feasibility of forming colonies there and referred to several swindling projects for enticing people to that Commonwealth.

Speeches were made during the day and evening by Miss Jennie Collins, John Wetherbee, Esq., Dr. Randolph, Otis Clapp, Dr. Dio Lewis, John T. Sargent the chairman, Mrs. Cora Syme, Col. Wm. B. Greene, W. S. Campbell and others.

A Committee on Resolutions was also appointed, who reported the following, which were adopted by the Meeting :—

Resolved, First, That colonies for emigration to Virginia be formed upon a scale to be approved by the stockholders, and that they elect and choose their own officers; that a Treasurer be elected who shall give bonds for an honest expenditure of the funds received, and what interest shall accrue upon the amount subscribed shall be invested in good securities for the advantage of the society.

Resolved, That formations of only one colony at a time shall be undertaken.

Resolved, That the meeting now organize for the purpose of effecting emigration in colonies to the State of Virginia, and that it now proceed to the election of a committee to take cognizance of this matter, which shall report at a future day.

In the evening addresses were made by Mr. Otis Clapp, (who read several extracts from Gov. Wise's report on the agricultural condition of Virginia), Miss Jennie Collins, John Wetherbee and others.
—*From Boston papers of March 27th.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1869.

THE FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT.

(OFFICIAL).

The following States have ratified the Amendment:

MISSOURI,	March 1, 1869.	(Defective).*
KANSAS,	February 27th,	" †
NORTH CAROLINA,	March 5, 1869.	
WEST VIRGINIA,	" 3,	"
MASSACHUSETTS,	" 9-12	"
WISCONSIN,	" 9,	"
MAINE,	" 12,	"
LOUISIANA,	" 5,	"
MICHIGAN,	" 8,	"
SOUTH CAROLINA,	" 16,	"
PENNSYLVANIA,	" 26,	"

The Amendment has been rejected by

DELAWARE.

Georgia, not competent, until "reconstructed" again, to either ratify, or to reject the Amendment, has gone through the form of rejecting it.

*Missouri failed to act upon the second section.
†Kansas—the second section was imperfect when ratified.

THE THIRTY-SIXTH ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE THIRTY-SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will be held at Steinway Hall, New York, on Tuesday, May 11th, day and evening, commencing at 10 1-2 o'clock A. M.

The Executive Committee urge most earnestly all the members and friends of the Society to be present on that occasion. The exceedingly interesting position of the cause, and the pendency of the Fifteenth Constitutional Amendment are sure to make this a most important meeting, and to give to its deliberations unusual significance. Let all Abolitionists add their presence and counsel.

The Society will hold its Business Meeting on Wednesday, May 12th, at Dodworth Hall, commencing at 10 1-2 o'clock A. M.

The names of speakers will be announced hereafter.

WENDELL PHILLIPS,
President.

CHARLES K. WHIPPLE, AARON M. POWELL, } *Secretaries.*

PEACE!

GRANT'S rule was to be "Peace"—not we hope in any such equivocal sense as the French Emperor meant when he proclaimed the empire to be "Peace." We would not be impatient, but we share in the feeling *Zion's Herald* expresses in a quotation we make from it in another column. The Administration should set about this work of protecting loyal men promptly. There never can be any reconstruction even begun until life and property are safe at the South.

There was most excellent sense in the Jewish proverb, "Distrust a convert to the third generation." No reliance can be placed on the present white generation of the South. They never can fully comprehend and accept the Northern idea and method, even when they wish to do so. Their coöperation, even when cordial, must always be half way, halting and mismatched. Still there must be education, wealth, business talent, and disciplined business men to coöperate with and assist the untrained loyalty of the South. Only in this way can it be made to stand on its feet. Our whole experience since Lee's surrender shows that very little such aid is to be expected from the native white Southerner. One half of them are too poor, in brains and purse, to help us at all. Of the rest one-half won't and the other can't (from prejudice and hate) aid us. We must look abroad for this element. It need not be numerous; it must be able. We need organizing, executive ability to combine, defend and develope the loose and rude strength of those States. How shall it be tempted thither? Not by reports of assassination and pillage; not by lawlessness and a government which does not promise protection.

Laws are nothing but rails. This immigration is locomotive and fire. Congress can only open doors and offer opportunities. Laws do not make States. Congress moulds, but does not create, civilization. That is the creature of other forces. We must woo these great forces to our side before we can even hope for success in reconstructing the South.

This is a low level upon which to argue the claim of the Southern loyalists to protection. But never, in our day, have we known this Nation to take a step from a high sense of justice. Always it has been goaded forward, at the last moment, by a selfish necessity. Hence we press on public attention the fact that safety of loyal heads and hearths means Capital flowing into Southern channels, busy hands and active and practised brains opening up all her resources. It means the education, the wealth, the skill of the century swamping, on its own acres, the stupid pride, the obstinate hate, the listlessness and the unreadiness of the Southern Barbary. Grant sees all this, if it be true that he said, to Louisiana asking Congress to build her levees, "Behave yourself, obey the laws, and private capital will be eager to seize the chance to help you." This is the philosophy of the whole question. The President comprehends it. Now let him put forth his hand and inaugurate the new era. Let him *force* bad men to behave themselves and *oblige* untamed rebels to obey the laws.

Oh! for a PETER, THE GREAT, stern as Death and inexorable as Fate. He reconstructed Russia and made out of barbarism a civilized State. The like problem waits with us to be solved. When shall we see the iron hand that will hold these discordant elements till they crystallize into order and peace? We beg of Congress that, before it adjourns it address the President, in a solemn remonstrance against the longer continuance of this anarchy and bloodshed. Leave this petty scramble for place, and point out the work to be done, holding up at the same time the Executive's hands to do it. Even Congress, though not responsible for the execution of the laws, has no right to adjourn till it has exhausted all its influence in hastening this indispensable Peace.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

INDIAN AFFAIRS.

THE Indian question has of late assumed increased importance. It is a problem which the whites of this country have never fairly met. Their policy in dealing with the Indians, (with the honorable exception of William Penn and the Society of Friends), has always been one of injustice, selfishness, intrigue, cruelty, extermination. It is one of the good results of the abolition of chattel slavery, and of the increasing recognition of the equal rights of the victims of that iniquitous system, that a more just policy is now sought and recommended in relation to Indians. As with the colored people, so with the Indians, the true solution of the problem is a very simple and easy one. It is to recognize their humanity, and to extend to them the just and kind treatment due from one human being to another. It is greatly to the credit of the Society of Friends that it furnishes the nation by its conduct and experience a timely precedent and example, for the humane experiment which we are encouraged to expect will soon be tried.

President Grant not only in his inaugural address recommended a more Christian treatment of the Indians, and their ultimate recognition as citizens, but, we are informed, took occasion to invite the coöperation of Friends, and others kindly disposed, to devise some plan of administration of Indian affairs which would lead to the better civilization and the beneficent end he had in view. Several delegations of Friends have therefore recently visited Washington. Their interviews with the President and others in authority, have awakened much interest in the subject.

The Washington correspondent of *The Evening Post* telegraphed, on Tuesday last, the following concerning these delegations and their plans:

"WASHINGTON, April 6.—There seems to have been a good deal of misconception about the movement to have the Quakers take charge of Indian affairs, owing probably to the fact that there are three distinct delegations who have been at different times in conference with the President and Secretary Cox upon this subject.

"The first was headed by Benjamin Hallowell of the Hicksite Society of Friends. Next, on invitation of the President, came James Scattergood with a delegation from other branches of the Orthodox Society of Friends; these in turn were followed by George H. Stuart with a volunteer delegation composed only in part of Quakers.

"The Stuart plan contemplated giving entire control of Indian matters to ten commissioners, who should serve gratituously, but whose expenses should be paid, and who should have entire control of the election of superintendents and agents, and the disbursement of funds. This delegation also asked, at the outset, a special appropriation of three million dollars.

"Mr. Hallowell and the Committee of the Hicksite Society, accompanied by Colonel Parker, had another interview of a most pleasant and satisfactory character, with the President and Secretary Cox yesterday. Their plan is not so extensive as that of Mr. Stuart, as they desire it to be considered an experiment.

"They do not wish the entire control of the Indian Bureau to be given to their sect at the outset, but will select a number of men who may be appointed agents, or will even take the superintendency with its subordinate agencies, so that a fair trial can be made of their humanizing method of solving the question. They propose also that a visiting commission of three or five shall go out once or twice a year to examine into the workings of their system. Their commissioners are to serve without pay, but to have their expenses reimbursed.

"Both of the regular Societies of Friends hold their annual meetings about the middle of this month, and it has been arranged that they shall then choose committees who will come here about the 20th instant, to confer with the President and Secretary, when a final disposition of the subject will be made."

Of the success with the Indians of just and humane treatment, we have no doubt. They have shown themselves, in their past relations to Friends, and as subjects of British rule, in Canada, susceptible, as other human beings to such treatment. The danger of the failure of any plan which may be devised will come, not from the Indians, but from the unprincipled white speculators, and their allies. They will resist by every available instrumentality anything which promises to baulk their selfishness and to put an end to their rascality in cheating and defrauding the Indians. This large army of unscrupulous speculators, like the former slaveowners, want nothing so much as to be "let alone" in their schemes of plunder, with improved facilities for prosecuting them.

We hope therefore that whatever method the President may decide to adopt, with the coöperation of Friends, looking to citizenship and fair play for the Indians, Congress will so assist it by adequate legislation, as that the experiment may be shielded from the assured unfriendly opposition of the conscienceless and greedy speculators. Their selfishness will, if it be possible, compass its ultimate defeat. It is late in the century for the American Government to begin to recognize the humanity of the Indians, to deal justly by them. But it is never too late to turn from evil ways, and to learn to do right.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

WENDELL PHILLIPS addressed a Special Committee of the Massachusetts Legislature, on Tuesday last upon the Labor Question. We shall present a synopsis of his address next week.

The Connecticut election, we are very glad to be able to announce, has resulted in the election of the Republican candidates. The President having recommended it, Connecticut will doubtless now ratify the Fifteenth Amendment. It is on account of the very important position which Connecticut has occupied, as one of two or three "doubtful" States in relation to the Suffrage Amendment, that we are very glad of the Republican victory. As a party necessity, rather than from any natural proneness to deal justly with the negro, the Connecticut Republicans will now fall into line.

Congress seems likely to adjourn without taking any definite action in regard to Georgia; and without the passage of a Political Rights Bill. Hundreds of thousands of disfranchised colored men are thus left needlessly to suffer unjust political proscription. Their disabilities could just as well be removed by the action of the Republican Congress in a single day. The colored members of the Georgia Legislature are permitted still to be kept in exile by their rebel opponents. "Peace" will be invoked in vain by President Grant while such injustice has Congressional assent, if not willing endorsement.

On Saturday last Mr. Sumner introduced in the Senate a bill to repeal the act to prevent the importation of certain persons into States where, by the laws thereof, their importation is prohibited. This bill, he said, was designed to repeal the only law relating to Slavery remaining upon the statute books of the United States, and as it had been favorably reported by the Judiciary Committee and passed by the Senate at the last session, he hoped there would be no opposition to its immediate consideration. Mr. Davis (Dem., Ky.) objected, and the bill was laid on the table.

In due time this bill will be passed, however, and the statute books cleansed from the stain of Slavery.

The Herald's Washington correspondent of Tuesday says:

"Among the confirmations of postmasters yesterday was that of Charles M. Wilder, at Columbia, S. C. This is the first confirmation by the Senate of a colored man. Wilder was formerly a slave. F. Joubert, colored, was confirmed as assessor of the First district of Louisiana, and O. T. Hall, colored, was confirmed as justice of the peace for the district of Columbia."

In advance of the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment the National Government thus recognizes and establishes the right of colored men to hold office as well as to vote. Let the precedents be multiplied.

A Rhode Island Correspondent writes us as follows:

"*The Independent* is right in calling attention to the probable failure of the Fifteenth Amendment in this State. Its prohibition of distinctions of *race* would abolish the property qualification now enforced in our alien law against foreign immigrants. This would probably throw the State into the hands of the Democrats. Worse yet, it interferes with that love for a property qualification whose causes date back to the foundation of this Colony, settled so largely by vagrants and fugitives from Masssachusetts.

"There is no high tone in political affairs in this State. It has been demoralized through and through by the lavish corruption of Senator Sprague. This gentleman's sudden spasm of morality is simply a new sensation, exciting because of the change it offers. It is like the costume of those fashionable young ladies in Higginson's novel, who 'having astonished the whole community for a month by the lowness of their dresses, now brought to bear their only remaining art, and struck every body dumb by appearing clothed.'"

EXTRACT of a letter from Washington:

"WE are having illustrations of the new era. Lieut-Gov. Dunn, of Louisiana, is now sitting on the floor of the Senate, and Senators are sitting with him. He is a fine specimen of a real black man. Yesterday, in face of a crowd of men, he went into the President's room and had a long conversation with him. A black man was nominated yesterday for Assessor in the New Orleans District and another black man for Postmaster of Columbia, South Carolina. Think of the change since our seamen were sent to prison, and Mr. Hoar driven out of that State. To-day a negro is before the Senate for Postmaster of the Capital of that proud State.

"Last evening a black man came to me, bringing an Irishman, and introduced him to me as a candidate for Justice of the Peace in his ward. The negro stated that the Irishman was a good man and one of the best Republicans of his ward, and hoped I would sign his papers; which on such indorsement I did and received the blessings of the grateful Irishman and the smiles of the Negro; so we go forward."

PERSONAL.

The Worcester (Mass.) *Spy* mentions that "Mrs. E. A. Kingsbury, an agent of the N. E. Woman Suffrage Association, and an eloquent advocate of equal rights, is now lecturing in this part of Massachusetts."

Giles B. Stebbins, of Washington, addressed the Free Congregational Society of Florence, Mass., on the 4th inst; and is expected to address the same Society tomorrow (Sunday) April 11th.

The ladies of Hungary are determined to have their rights. They have asked the Parliament to authorize the beautiful Queen of Hungary (the Empress Elizabeth of Austria), to appoint twenty female members of the Hungarian House of Magnates.

Miss N. R. Draper of Washington, a cousin of Col. T. W. Higginson, is appointed private teacher to the children at the White House. She is, we understand, a young lady of remarkable energy and intelligence, a recent graduate of the Boston Normal School, and her appointment was unsolicited by herself or friends. She had taught one of the children while assistant in a private school in Washington.

Africa is ahead of us in some respects. Consul Amos Perry says that female advocates are found in Tunis, whose distinct office is to manage the cases of women plaintiffs, and defendants coming before the highest tribunal in the land, and also to plead the cause of condemned female criminals who are subjected to unreasonable sufferings in their cells. There are at Tunis three of these professional advocates, and all of them are able to make effective pleas in court. How long will it be before we shall have women lawyers, jurors, perhaps even judges, as well as women voters in this country?

Robert Stevens, colored, has received $1,600 from the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad Company for compelling his wife to ride in a "negro car," when she had purchased a first class ticket. The case was tried in the United States Circuit Court, and the jury was equally divided between white and colored men. The plaintiff demanded $1,800 as compensation, and as above stated obtained only $200 less than that sum. The regulations of the road were pleaded in justification of the treatment of the woman, but Judge Underwood held that they were of no weight, and quoted from the Apostle James the denunciation of those Christians who welcomed the rich into their assemblies, and told the poor to sit down in an obscure place.

An Auburn (N. Y.) paper mentions the recent marriage of Harriet Tubman, as follows:

"Before a large and very select audience Harriet Tubman, the heroine of many a thrilling incident by fire and flood, the emancipator of a large number of her race and the faithful Union Scout and Spy, took unto herself a husband and made one William Nelson a happy man, (at least that is the supposition. Both born slaves, as they grew in years and knowledge recognized the glory of freedom, still later in the eventful struggle they fled from bondage, until finally, by the blessing of Divine Providence, they stood there, last evening, FREE, and were joined as man and wife. The audience was large, consisting of the friends of the parties and a large number of the first families in the city. Ladies and gentlemen who were interested in Harriet, and who for years had advised and assisted her, came to see her married. After the ceremony Rev. Mr. Fowler made some very touching and happy allusions to their past trials, and the apparently plain sailing the parties now had, when the ceremony ended amid the congratulations of the assembly, and the happy couple were duly embarked on the journey of life."

Miss Kate Field made her début as a lecturer in Boston on the 31st ult. Her subject was "Woman in the Lyceum." Her audience was large, critical, and, we are glad to learn, thoroughly well pleased. *The Boston Transcript*, in its notice of Miss Field's lecture, says:

"Miss Kate Field's Lecture last evening, on 'Woman in the Lyceum' was a triumphant success. Chickering Hall was crowded with a brilliant and delighted audience. Everybody present must have felt that, however the general question might be decided, Miss Field had vindicated her individual right to appear in the lyceum, by proving her capacity as a lecturer. Her manner is refined, graceful, self-possessed and ladylike; her voice sweet, clear, penetrating and melodious; and her style has the ease, pliancy, pungency and sparkle of animated conversation. Few lecturers have equal power to convey an impression so uniformly pleasing. She holds the attention of her audience from beginning to end, not only by what she says, but by the piquancy with which she says it. Her wit and humor are continuous without being forced and obtrusive, and it is rare to see so many prejudices smiled away as vanished last evening before the light keenness of her satire, and the arch mockery of her statement. Her answers to the common objections to the appearance of women as lecturers—her rapid and brilliant view of the professions they already pursue for a livelihood—her glance at them as singers, actresses and authors—the wealth of artistic and literary anecdote and allusion she brought to the illustration of her various topics—the absence of anything like tartness, shrewishness and *manyishness* even in the expression of her indignation—and the thoroughly feminine way in which she affirmed the rights of her sex—made her address one which it was a delight to listen to and a pleasure to remember. We are glad to hear that Miss Field will soon repeat her lecture in Boston. Wherever it is repeated, it will be sure to be popular."

Our readers will be glad to learn that Miss Field will probably repeat her lecture in this city at an early day.

The following is the letter of Secretary Cox, of the Interior Department, indorsing the proposition for the treatment of our Indian difficulties, submitted by Messrs. Price, Welsh, Strong, Stuart, and others:

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
WASHINGTON, D. C., March 25th, 1869.

GENTLEMEN: I take great pleasure in saying to you that the proposition submitted by you to the President yesterday, for the appointment of a Commission to coöperate with this Department in the work of civilizing the American Indians, and expending such funds as may be appropriated by Congress for that purpose under existing treaties or otherwise, meets his heartiest approval as well as my own.

I believe that a concerted effort between the good people of the country whose hearts are interested in this work and the Government itself, will give ground to hope for results which former systems have failed to effect.

The condition of several tribes on her frontiers is now such that the question of immediate and thorough action, looking to civilization, is the only alternative or mode of escape from exterminating wars.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
J. D. COX, Secretary.

Messrs. Eli K. Price, William Welsh, William Strong, Samuel R. Shirley, J. T. Hilles, George H. Stuart and others.

ENGLISH POLITICS.

LETTER FROM GEORGE W. SMALLEY, ESQ.

LONDON, March 22d, 1869.

PARLIAMENT has been sitting a little more than a month, and though it may not appear to have done much in that time, it has succeeded in refuting one or two predictions made by the enemies of the Liberal Government, and especially by the enemies of Mr. Gladstone. It is the fashion to say that Mr. Gladstone has no tact as a party leader, that he is quarrelsome, that he does not conciliate, or at any rate attract his own followers. Hence many people expected, and did not hesitate to say they expected, that Mr. Gladstone would fall as head of a ministry. The very heterogeneous composition of the Cabinet encouraged this anticipation. How could Mr. Lowe and Mr. Bright pull together? What real fusion could there be between such fossil Whigs as Lord Clarendon, and the Radical majority which stood behind Mr. Gladstone's back in the House? The two things that must happen, said the croakers, will be a split in the Cabinet and discord between the Cabinet and the Liberal forces in Parliament. The first month of the session was to produce one or both of these catastrophes.

Well, the first month has come and gone, and has not produced either of the catastrophes. There have been jars in the Cabinet but there has been no break. In Parliament there has not been even a jar. Instead of disorganization, there is a party discipline which would seem almost too compact, if the last Parliment had not shown the perils that lurk in independent action at a moment when a great question is up for settlement. At that moment lesser questions must wait, or questions which may not be less but which are less urgent, or the time for which has not come; just as you made the women wait for the negro. The truth about the Cabinet is that it was put together to do one thing. It united men who, agreeing in nothing else, agreed in the disestablishment—Mr. Gladstone has imported that awkward word into the political dialect of the day, and I suppose we must be content to use it—of the Irish Church. When that is done the Cabinet will break up; some men will go out and others come in. Such a change will be for the better because it can only be in the direction of Radicalism. The truth about the Liberal majority in the House is nearly the same. During the elections, Mr. Gladstone's name was the popular battle-cry, not so much, I think, because of great affection for Mr. Gladstone, but because he had become the necessary leader in this one reform. Every body had to swear fealty to him. Roebuck, who hates him bitterly, would not, and was beaten partly for that reason, though there were plenty of other good reasons. The prominent men of the Cave and the Tea-Room, that is, the deserters from the Liberals in 1866 who turned out the Russell government—were all, with a single exception, repudiated by their old constituencies, and rejected by new ones which they vainly sought. Therefore the nominal Liberals in this House are both bound by pledges and warned by the example of former traitors. The result is they have followed their leader with a fidelity almost servile. Mr. Gladstone's majority is as compact as the majorities which Lord North used to buy, or as the Democratic majorities to Congress which Southern leaders used to bully on the slavery question.

This state of things may answer well enough for the present. Indeed it is probably necessary for the actual enactment of the pending measure on Ireland. The passage of the bill through the Commons could not be imperilled by any amount of independent action. The passage of it through the Lords is quite another matter. It must be carried there by coercion and nothing short of an overwhelming force, well led, well disciplined, and immovable in purpose, will be strong enough to drive the obnoxious bill through a body of nobles fanatically attached to the system which they are summoned to overthrow. But such a majority is like a standing army, sure to be dangerous to the state which it is needed to preserve. I can conceive of nothing more disastrous in English politics than the consolidation of the Liberal party under Mr. Gladstone's lead. We have seen what it was under Palmerston, and Mr. Gladstone is no more of a Liberal at heart, or rather by nature, than Palmerston was. By nature, education, and association, both political and social, Gladstone is conservative. He has undergone conversions on special points, but the fibre of the man remains unchanged. It is very unlikely that he can secure such an ascendancy in affairs as Lord Palmerston did, but he must long remain the Parliamentary chief of the Liberal party, and since he will never lead that party one step further forward than he is compelled to take by outside pressure, the pressure which can be brought to bear on him is a force that ought to be constant.

I think it, therefore, an unlucky moment for the dissolution of the Reform League, which last week publicly abdicated its functions. Some leading members of it say privately that they mean to reorganize as a Republican League, but they did not say so in the resolution which decreed the abandonment of their old organization. All they promise to the world is that a vigilance committee shall keep an eye on what is going, and call the old members together in case of danger. That is a very unsatisfactory exchange for the activity of the League itself, or even for the existence of it. The politicians had come to dread the League as American politicians dreaded the watchful censorship and constant impulse of the Anti-Slavery Society. It would be easy to draw a parallel between the two, but the parallel would fail at the precise point which became a crisis in the history of each. I suppose even the men who four years ago wanted to break up the American Anti-Slavery Society are now aware of their mistake, though they do not publicly admit it. Whether they are or not, everybody else is, who has observed the course of events, and who has seen the society and its organ exercising the same influence as of old upon men and upon affairs, criticising, stimulating, demanding, and carrying its points, one by one, after its opponents and lukewarm friends had got tired of saying they were impracticable. It is a real misfortune that the League should have committed the blunder which your organization escaped. Although a comparison between the two bodies would show how much lower the standard of the League has been, how much more of a political organization it was, how it lacked leadership and conspicuous ability, it would still remain to be said that the League was the advance guard in English politics. The extent to which it was abused was a good measure of its efficiency, and the fear it inspired may be known by the delight of its enemies in its extinction. The secret of its strength was that, alone among political organizations, it represented the people. If it did not include in its members any one man of conspicuous talents, it included several who well understood the opinions and feelings of that great unrepresented majority of Englishmen whom it sought to enfranchise. Society, superficial and heartless, as usual, thought it safe to despise a man who had no vote. It was the League which made society understand that public opinion is a force that cannot be safely despised, and it was no fault of the League if the teaching had sometimes to be done by rude methods. Mr. Beales, who has won an honorable fame by his courage and unselfish fidelity to a great cause, is a barrister, well educated, and of respectable professional standing. He is very far from being a brilliant orator, or even a forcible speaker. But he and Mr. Howell, the Secretary to the League, showed rare tact as political leaders or as popular leaders. They quite understood when a great demonstration was needed in Hyde Park, and when it was needed they organized it and carried it through in the face of such a tempest of opposition as recalls the early days of the abolition movement in America. It happens that the police system of London is very defective. Its head at that time, Sir Richard Mayne, was a martinet who did not understand how a mob was to be dealt with. He had no other idea than to allow it to collect and then disperse it by military force. The roughs of London knew and used their advantage. If the Reform League had a procession, the roughs gathered in rear of it, entered Hyde Park with it, and committed many outrages which respectable journals delighted to charge upon the League. If there was a parade of the Guards or a reception of the Sultan, exactly the same thing happened, but the same journals did not in that case hold the Guards or the Sultan responsible for the pockets picked or for the inoffensive citizens whom the mob knocked on the head. Hollow as was this complaint against the League, its enemies never found any other to bring against it, except that some of its members would not ornament an aristocratic dinner table. You cannot easily conceive in America the force of what I may call the social feeling in England. Ridicule a man for ignorance of drawing-room etiquette, and you fix a stigma upon him more difficult than any other to get rid of. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, a paper of extraordinary ability, and on many subjects of great fairness, singled out one member of the League, Mr. Odger, for attack on the ground that his father was a miner, that his mother was mad, and that his friends pronounced his name Hodger. The thing was so brutal that it shocked everybody, but it may serve as an illustration. Prof. Fawcett wrote a letter to the *Pall Mall* to say that he knew Mr. Odger, (who was then a candidate for Parliament) as a man of singular talents, force of character and integrity, but the *Pall Mall* refused to print it. That is a sample of the kind of treatment the press bestowed on the League. Ever since the passage of the Reform Bill of 1867 the newspapers have tried to bully the League into dissolving, screaming out that its mission was accomplished, and that it had no excuse for obtruding its disagreeable presence any longer. It was not true then, and is not true now, that the League has accomplished its programme. It has accomplished a good part of it, household suffrage but not manhood suffrage, and has a promise of the Ballot but not the Ballot itself. And it is wanted, and will continue to be wanted as an outside force in politics, as a means of bringing moral pressure to bear on politicians, and as a convenient organ for that level of opinion which has few newspapers to speak for it. The League, much as it was hated, had made itself so important that the newspapers could not refuse to record its decisions. The reporters always attended its meetings. Some of its members had access to the columns of journals which would have scouted a charge of sympathy with the League as a body. Even the roughs had done it a kind of service by inspiring London with a wholesome fear of a great meeting. So that when the project of another assembly began to be discussed timid householders cried out to the men in power to grant what was wanted—grant anything, but don't expose our shops to a mob which you admit you cannot control. It ought never to be forgotten that the League fought and won a great battle for the right of public meetings and free speech—a right which the Tory leaders in 1866-7 were so resolved to crush, that it is said nothing but the personal remonstrance of the Queen, and even her positive order—which she had no right to give—to Lord Derby, prevented a collision between the people and the troops. Perhaps a body that has done so much may be excused for thinking it has done all. But the truth is the work of Reform is hardly more than begun in England, and it remains for some other organization to take up the cross where the Reform League has dropped it, and carry it patiently, bravely for many years to come.

G. W. S.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, April 4th, 1869.

ONE of the loving observers of spring birds in this city chronicles Friday morning, April 2d, as the first appearance of robins on the Common. I, however, had had the good fortune to see two there on Sunday morning, March 28th, prospecting among the bare boughs for a convenient nesting-place; and in various parts of the country around Boston they have been seen for weeks past. Probably some remained in the denser woods all winter. The main current of testimony shows the robin to be the farmer's friend, though in cherry-time many look upon him with an unfriendly eye. My notion is that the cherries were made for him as well as for the rest of us.

It is but a few steps from the Common to the State House. I am glad you propose to give some report of the eloquent speeches made there last Tuesday by Wendell Phillips, Mrs. Howe and Mrs. Lucy Stone, before the Committee having in charge the petitions for Women's Suffrage. As you have probably such a report already in hand, I will say of these speeches only that they were in a very high degree satisfactory, were heard with intense interest by an audience which crowded the Green-room, and seemed to make a favorable impression upon the Committee, who kindly granted the petitioners another hearing, the time of which is not yet decided.

A kindred subject came up in the same place the next day, the Committee on Education giving a hearing upon the question whether legislative grants should be made to educational institutions which refuse to admit girls and women to their course of study. On this point very interesting remarks were made by several persons.

Dr. Cornell did not believe in the theory that evil influences resulted from carrying on the education of boys and girls together. He referred to President Haven of Michigan University, who has opened the doors of that institution to girls as well as to young men, with the best, and only the best, results. The natural arrangement of children of both sexes in families shows a divine intention that the two should grow up together; and our institutions should provide thorough education for our children of both sexes, and provide it in the natural order.

Stephen S. Foster said—If our colleges ask State aid, it is your right to impose suitable conditions on the grant of it; and we ask that the admission of pupils of both sexes may be made such a condition. The Commonwealth is bound to cherish and foster the aspirations of her children for education of a high order, and to make permanent and sufficient provision that such aspirations be gratified.

There is one educational want hitherto unsupplied here. Our daughters are beginning to feel the need o. as much thoroughness of education as our sons enjoy. This is a want which ought to be and must be gratified. The welfare of society demands the competent training of both sexes; and whoever may be restricted in point of education, it assuredly should not be those who are to be the mothers, and thus the educators, of the community.

If there are valid reasons against educating the sexes together, then new institutions must be created for girls. It is conceded that a public education is better than a private one; and, one way or another, our girls must have the best there is. But, is there any good reason why both sexes should not use the same institutions? There are differences between them, it is said. Yes, but as the differences in their bodies do not demand different kinds of food, so neither do the mental distinctions that exist between them require that different provision be made for their education. Moreover, all the existing colleges desire, and can accommodate, more pupils. Then, the tone of moral sentiment is manifestly lower where one of the sexes is excluded. Neither can dispense with the reflex influence of the other. Brought up separately, the men become coarse and the women silly.

Especially for the sake of our boys, Mr. Foster said, would I have girls associated with them in the course of education. Not only would the tone of morality be better with both, but a healthful rivalry would exist between the two in the prosecution of their studies. It is a disgrace to the Commonwealth that her daughters cannot within her boundaries receive a liberal education, such an education as is open to young men in our colleges. Mr. Foster had had to search for such advantages for his own daughter outside his native State. He believed that the Commonwealth was willing to afford such opportunities, but hitherto they had not been asked for. Now, being asked for, they should be liberally provided.

Lucy Stone had gone there with the intention merely of hearing, but being asked by several persons to speak on this question, she consented. She would enter her protest against restricting to young men only the means of education provided by taxes upon the whole community. She had herself been obliged to resort to Oberlin, Ohio, for the moderate opportunities of instruction which she had enjoyed. She related the refusal that one of her friends had met with on applying for admission to Harvard University. President Walker replied courteously, but declared the application "an unheard of thing," and inadmissible on that account.

This restriction seemed at once a lack of justice and a lack of honor. It was not creditable to the State to take the tax paid by women on $40,000,000 of property here, and then refuse them a share in the uses to which that tax was applied. Our women have yielded to the custom and suffered the privation, but many of them have always felt the injustice.

A member of the Committee having questioned whether the Agricultural College was one of those which women would need or care to attend, Mrs. Stone declared her belief that women *would* resort to it if permitted, and that they might find useful permanent occupation in various branches of agriculture and horticulture.

In Oberlin, the influence of association of the two sexes had been eminently good. There was no rowdyism there, no bad manners, no disregard of the courtesies of life. That institution had always been a place of good order and harmony, both within and without the college walls.

Dr. Cornell related a striking instance of the refining effect of placing a rough young man in a school where both sexes were associated in study and social life.

Miss Lorenza Haynes said she had learned, by experience as a teacher of young ladies in several States, that women did very generally desire further opportunities of instruction than those now open to them.

Mrs. Dr. Hathaway, of Lowell, testified as to the need of opportunities of medical education for women, and made protest against grants of money from the State to medical institutions which excluded women from their course of study and observation.

Dr. Dio Lewis said he was interested in this subject both as an educator of girls and a tax-payer. The real question at issue was, he thought, Is it wise to educate the sexes together? It was well known that boys and men deteriorate in manners and morals when secluded from the other sex. He felt perfectly assured that the same tendency existed in the separate education of girls; that their manners and morals suffered from the restriction. He mentioned a case where an exceptionally unruly school had been reduced to order in one week by placing one of each sex at the same desk for study. This combination, he thought, was now the thing most needed in our education.

The Committee seemed interested in the remarks of these speakers, repeatedly elicited further information by questions, and held some private conference, after the hearing, with those who had spoken.

Thus far, the talk, as well as the argument, in behalf of women's suffrage, has been nearly all on one side. But last week a remonstrance against the voting o women was sent to our Legislature by 195 women of Lancaster. They think that all action of the class called political would diminish the purity, the dignity and the moral influence of women, and would bring into the family circle a dangerous element of discord, without securing additional strength, efficiency or wisdom to the government of the nation. For themselves, these remonstrants declare that they prefer to remain in the condition allotted to them "by nature, by custom and by religion." It is curious to see how large a portion of the religion of modern puritans consists in rigid adherence to the "traditions of the elders." The New Testament, uttering a divided voice in regard to the equality of woman with man under the Christian system, nevertheless says more in favor of that doctrine than against it; but the sort of people that send in this remonstrance follow their favorite commentators in steadily ignoring the positive, and holding only to the negative part of this testimony; declaring all the while, however, that all the declarations of this New Testament are equally inspired, equally divine, and equally binding upon mankind.

Speaking of religion, a curious instance of the diverse views of it brought to bear upon politics is seen in the case of of the member of our legislature who moved, last week, to fortify our still pending prohibitory law with a provision that any minister who distributed fermented wine to his communicants at the Lord's supper should be considered as "keeping an open bar." This will do to go with the story of the convert to temperance who said that for two years he had not once partaken of the devil's cup except at the Lord's table.

Our Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has held its first annual meeting, in which several of its officers and friends made an able presentation of the purposes, the progress and the needs of the institution. They have prosecuted seventy cases in this first year, but have made it their special aim to advance prudently, not attempting too much at first, not undertaking to proceed against cases where success was doubtful, and trying particularly to diffuse right ideas among the community by the circulation of their well conducted paper *Our Dumb Animals*, the only periodical of its kind in the world.

NORTH.

WOMEN SUFFRAGE IN MASSACHUSETTS.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE AND LUCY STONE BEFORE A COMMITTEE OF THE LEGISLATURE.

THE green room at the State house in Boston was crowded, Tuesday morning, by the friends of woman suffrage who presented their cause to the joint special committee on that subject. Wendell Phillips, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and other notables were present. Mr. Phillips opened the argument by expressing his deep regrets that Mrs. Stone was absent. It was the plan to have her present the question, the other speeches to be confirmatory of her position. No one in this country is better able to present an exhaustive argument upon the subject, for she has studied and debated the question for fifteen years. He regarded this as one of the best testimonies to the political ability of women that no one had ever advocated her rights with such cogency as woman herself. This is no new question. It was agitated in Ohio in 1847-8, in Massachusetts in 1850-2, and it has probably made further progress in England than here. Two-thirds of the advanced thinkers of that country are in favor of granting the ballot to women. Two years ago a petition for this grant was presented to the English Parliament that bore the names of three-fourths of the political and literary men that have made the England of the present century. It is also the great question, now that slavery is out of the way. The cause of woman suffrage stands first on the ground

of right, of political right. Ever since Massachusetts was a State, she has recognized the principle that taxation without representation is tyranny. In St. Louis today, the unmarried women own and are taxed for $70,000,000, and ten years ago Francis Jackson calculated that more than that amount was held by the same class in Boston. Now if a man says woman has not a right to be represented as well as to be taxed, the burden of proof rests with him.

Secondly, the cause rests in absolute right, without regard to American or English precedent. Every human being has an inherent and inalienable right to self-government. No one can deprive another of this right, for it is inherent. No one can surrender it up, as a morally responsible being, without thereby surrendering his or her own moral government. Suffrage therefore is a right and not a privilege. Why, then, is it denied to woman? A vote is nothing but the expression of an opinion. Is not woman as capable of expressing an opinion as man? In regard to the argument from the New Testament, the sacred record has to do on the one hand with the eternal principles of man's relation to God, while on the other hand it glances sidewise at the existing customs, traditions and forms of government that were then uppermost in the eastern countries. It does not indorse the latter, however, but accepts them as the existing state of affairs. When it says, "honor the king," it does not compel us to have a king. If the argument from the New Testament proves anything against the cause of equal suffrage, it proves too much. In those days it was highly immoral for women to appear upon the street alone, but no one would argue from such a state of affairs in regard to the customs of the present.

Man and woman are not the same. Thank God, their characters are essentially different; but they may be and are equal, nevertheless. Fulton could devise a steamboat, Raphael conceive a work of art. Neither could do the work of the other, yet both are equal socially and politically, and neither would think of denying the ballot to the other. But it makes no difference whether men and women are equal or not. A hod-carrier is far below a Webster, but his vote is as precious and inalienable to him as that of the statesman is to him. Both are competent to be hung and to express by ballot an opinion as to the law by which they may be hung.

It is expected by some that woman will elevate politics, because she is better than man. He did not believe that woman was better than man. But he expected that woman would purify politics because she was woman. This was shown well in literature. Before women were educated and known in letters, literature was gross and fit only to be read by men. The classics of the ancients, as well as those of the middle ages, are unfit to be the family reading of to-day, simply because that when they were written women formed no part of the audience addressed. To-day the political caucus is composed of men; society, on the other hand—that in family sitting room and parlor—is made up of both men and women. Give women a share in the caucus and it will be elevated to the morality and purity of the social circle. Society is not perfect, but it is better than the hall of legislation or the exchange.

The hydra of the next generation is neither the labor question nor intemperance, but it is the power of incorporated wealth. New York has no Legislature. Her laws are made in the counting-room of Vanderbilt. Pennsylvania has no Legislature. Her capitol is in the pockets of her moneyed men. The North-Western railroad rules Wisconsin. Let women into politics and the trickery of these powers will have a new power to encounter. You can injure a man no more than to tell his family of the little meannesses, not the briberies and corruptions, but the little tricks that he may have encouraged in the caucus. Let the mothers, and wives, and sisters, be present and the devils will slink away. It is said that women are safer in the hands of their husbands and brothers. This is the rankest Toryism. It is what has always been the argument in favor of oppression. The negroes were better in the hands of their masters. The lower classes of England are better in the hands of the aristocracy. A single glance at our laws shows the injustice under which women are placed by these gallant protectors. How would any man, even the lowest, feel himself insulted if he should be asked to trust himself in the hands of even the greatest statesman. The ballot will not only protect woman but will educate her. It is the only remedy with which to treat the social evil that makes all great cities such sores of corruption. We can only deal with it by taking the empty chamber of a woman's mind, filled with devils because the angels are not there, and peopling it with pure and healthy motives.

Mr. Phillips protested against giving a dollar to any educational institution that will not admit women to its privileges. Hospitals, asylums, and all such public institutions that depend upon the State are thrown open to the whole public. Philadelphia and Baltimore support their schools with black taxes but shut the doors against black faces. In Massachusetts we have reached a higher point. The Commonwealth had no right to support colleges for men with money drawn indiscriminately from the pockets of both sexes. If men want a college let the men pay for it; if the commonwealth supports a college, let the whole commonwealth enjoy its benefits. If either of the Amherst colleges or any institution, exclusively devoted to male education, gets a dollar from the State, it gets it on false pretences. Senator Dowse asked if the Agricultural college did not stand upon a peculiar footing, being in the interests of an industry peculiarly masculine? Mr. Phillips remarked in reply that he once had some money intrusted to him to be expended in bettering the social condition of women, and the first application he had was from a woman who wanted to "set up" in the cranberry business. All he asked, however, was that the college should allow women to enter; if women didn't enter, it was their own lookout. Mr. Phillips referred to some cases that had come under his own observation, of young women of moderate means who had been obliged to leave behind Harvard and Tufts and go by Amherst and Williams to Vassar college in New York, in order to get a collegiate education.

SPEECH OF MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe then addressed the committee. After eulogizing the address of Mr. Phillips she adverted to the demand of the women in the West for suffrage. She was glad to hear Mr. Phillips say that women were no better than men. No good was done to the cause of women by their being painted in such angelic colors by unwise but enthusiastic champions. Women would make politics better, not because they were better than men, but because they were half. In music they were half the key-board. In politics the country now had the base. (Laughter.) Women would give the treble, and so a perfect harmony would result. Men and women were always better when they confronted each other in the duties of life than when apart.

SPEECH OF MRS. LUCY STONE.

Mrs. Lucy Stone explained that she had been detained in travelling by reason of the storm last night. The claim of woman suffrage rested upon the fact that she constituted half of the human race. The only persons who ought to be excluded from the suffrage were idiots and lunitics. Few men would admit that women could not make a rational choice in matters political and otherwise. No man would admit that his mother could not make a rational choice. If he said that his wife could not make a rational choice the assertion went to prove that he was as incapable of making a rational choice as she was. (Laughter.) The ideas of barbarism which considered women as inferior still exercised their depressing influence on society, shutting her out from many honorable careers. She reviewed some of the steps that had already been taken to further this movement, and narrated an interview she had had with Mr. Dana in regard to it. Some men said they did not think women knew enough to vote. She hoped that the very young men who said this would learn more wisdom. No man would consent to transfer his right to vote to another man for ever, however wise that man might be. Yet that was the representation men accorded to women. In all times the laws men made for woman, as maiden, wife, mother or widow, were worse and more oppressive than the laws men made for themselves in corresponding relations. She then dilated on these points in that style of clear and convincing argument which distinguishes her speaking, and which produced a deep impression. She spoke especially on the laws as affecting the custody of children, as being the worst and wickedest of all. A mother, unless her child was called by that dishonored name—a bastard—could not call her child her own. A brutal husband could wound her to the very heart-strings in this matter, and the law permitted him. She spoke of old laws and laws in different States as bearing on this question and caused much amusement by the scathing manner in which she ridiculed them.

She denounced with much feeling and emotion the injustice of the law by which a husband could transfer by will the custody of an unborn child from the mother to a stranger, and which gave the custody of children solely to the father. How could women be said to be represented in the face of the existence of any such laws? She, herself, was not represented until she could take her little daughter by the hand and say, in the face of all the world, that her daughter was hers.

If by any sorcery, spell or influence of bad law, legislation or custom, women did not feel to want a vote, then that only showed how pernicious had been the effect of depriving them so long of their natural rights. If women's intellectual and moral faculties had been so dwarfed, if their highest aspirations had been smothered by such a course, then that showed how great was the necessity for change. If women were so dwarfed by such customs the world reaped the penalty in the dwarfed specimens of men they produced. We could have no men until we had women. We could have no women until everything went to help make the human soul, large and true and free. She concluded by a powerful and eloquent appeal in support of the petitioners.

The Committee then adjourned.

[FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD].

AT HOME.

BY REV. PHEBE A. HANAFORD.

"Once when he had expressed a wish that he was at home, he quietly added, 'But I suppose I shall die here, and then I shall be at home.'"—*Mary Grew's Memorial of James Moll.*

Away from home he seemed to be
The angels thought not so,
For very near the Father's house
Doth death's cold river flow.

With waking eyes of flesh he saw
Far other scenes around
Than those within his earthly home
That wistful gaze had found.

But calm and patient as of old
When foes his faith assailed—
His faith in human brotherhood—
His spirit never quailed.

"I may die here," he gently said,
"From one dear spot afar,
But then shall I reach that fair home
Where life-crowned spirits are."

So, like a sighing zephyr, passed
That strong, sweet soul away,
His mortal eyes were closed to ope,
The spirit eyes for aye.

Then with the crowned and glorified
He through death's portals passed
To find the soul that loved the good
In its true home at last.

No tears of hopeless grief should fall,
Death scarce may intervene
Between him and his loved ones here,
He sees as we are seen.

And oft his cherished ones shall hear
The voice of comfort come,
"To sleep is but to wake again,
And dying, going home."

THE PEACE SOCIETY TO THE INDIANS.

THE Pennsylvania Members of the Peace Union have forwarded two boxes to the Indians, containing seeds, clothing, tea, and many articles of comfort and use, besides fancy articles of various kinds to testify their good-will. They also forward the following letter:

TO THE INDIANS OF AMERICA.

Dear Friends, and Children of the One Great Spirit: Filled with love, sympathy, and peace, the Progressive Friends of Pennsylvania, assembled at Longwood, Chester County, Pa., desire to acquaint you with the fact that we have memorialized the Congress of the United States in your behalf. We would have you know that our Government is of and for the people, and we encourage you to prepare yourselves for a representation and participation therein, that you may enter the councils of the nation and set forth your grievances, your sufferings, and your needs, to the end that you may be made happier, and, by giving us of your wisdom, endurance, and bravery, subserve the good of all.

We shall encourage true and benevolent teachers to go among you, and we would have you receive them as bearing messages of good-will from many sincere hearts. They will give you the means for intellectual improvement, and aid you in a closer connection with the Republic, which should be to you a home.

Your many trials and persecutions have filled us with sorrow, and while we demand that our people and our Government shall be just and honest, and give no cause for hostility, we earnestly entreat you to withhold the hand of violence and bloodshed. We abhor war. It is always attended with suffering and loss; and in a kind and fraternal intercourse there will be found the true way to redress wrongs, vindicate rights, and establish the blessings of amity and peace.

ISAAC MENDENHALL, Hamorton, Chester County, Pa., } Treasurer.

OLIVER JOHNSON, No 3 Park Place, New York, ANNA MARY MARSHALL, Chadd's Ford, Pa, } Clerks.

THE UNIVERSAL PEACE UNION, fully united in the above, has also memorialized the Congress of the United States in your behalf, and respectfully solicit the presentation of this message of love, peace, and good-will to you through our friends, interpreters, and missionaries, or any other source, and we shall be gratified to hear from you in response.

PRESIDENT.—Alfred H. Love, 212 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.—Levi K. Joslin, Providence, R. I.; Lucretia Mott, Philadelphia; James M. Peebles, New Jersey; Thomas Garrett, Wilmington, Del.; Rachael W. M. Townsend, Philadelphia, and others.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—Elizabeth B. Chace, Valley Falls, R. I.; Henry C. Wright, Boston; E. H. Heywood, Worcester, Mass.; Jonathan Whipple, Mystic, Conn.; Sarah T. Rogers, Philadelphia, and others.

SECRETARY.—Henry T. Child, M.D., Race street, Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Third Month, 1869.

A COLORED AMERICAN CITIZEN IN RUSSIA.—LETTER FROM HON. CASSIUS M. CLAY.

To the Editor of the Standard:

IN looking over part 1st, Diplomatic Correspondence, 1867, the following Dispatch from Cassius M. Clay, Minister to Russia, to Secretary Seward, caught my eye. I do not remember to have seen it in THE STANDARD, but if it was published, it will bear repeating by reason of the just and generous sentiments which were upheld by it, at a foreign court. The action of the Emperor of Russia in the premises was well calculated to stiffen the back bones of the occupants of our high places, however it may have failed to do so.

Your obedient servant, HANS POWELL, M.D.,
184 East Broadway, New York.

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES, St. PETERSBURG, Russia, February 9th, 1867.

SIR: Capt. T. Morris Chester, late of the United States Volunteer Army, being in St. Petersburg, coming well recommended by distinguished citizens of the United States, and being also well educated and of good address, I called upon the minister of foreign affairs and told him that I would not apply in the usual way by note to have Capt. Chester, a colored American citizen, presented to his Imperial Majesty, as there was no precedent, and I did not know how his Imperial Majesty would be disposed to act; but I desired that he would approach his Imperial Majesty in an informal way, and ascertain his wishes in this regard. The assistant minister of foreign affairs, Mr. De Westmann, acquiesced in the proposal, and in a few days wrote me that the Emperor had given orders to have Capt. Chester's name put upon the list of persons for the first presentation. To-day being the occasion of a grand review of the imperial guard, the Emperor sent an invitation to Capt. Chester to assist in the review, which he did, riding around with his Imperial Majesty's staff, and taking lunch at the winter palace with the staff officers and a portion of the Imperial family, who accompanied the Emperor at the lunch.

I have made these facts known to you, as I regard the affair of some importance. We have four millions of colored citizens; they are with us, and of us, for good as evil. I think that it is the duty of all good citizens to try and elevate the African race in America, and inspire them with all possible self-respect; and prepare them for that ultimate influence which they must sooner or later have upon the political and economical interests of the United States. These are the views which have influenced my action in this case, which, not partisan in their character, I should hope would be satisfactory to all patriotic Americans.

Having, however, discharged my duty, as I ever do, without regard to personal considerations, I submit my action frankly to the judgment of the department. I am, my dear sir, your must obedient servant,

C. M. CLAY.

HON. WM. H. SEWARD,
Secretary of State, Washington, D. C.

MARRIED WOMEN'S PROPERTY IN ENGLAND.—The bill brought into the House of Commons to amend the law with respect to the property of married women is endorsed by Mr. Russell Gurney, Mr. Headlam and Mr. Jacob Bright. It provides that every woman who marries after this act has come into operation shall, notwithstanding her coverture, have and hold all real and personal property, whether belonging to her before marriage or acquired by her in any way after marriage, free from the debts and obligations of her husband, and from his control or disposition, in all respects as if she had continued unmarried. Also that every woman married before this act has come into operation, shall, notwithstanding her coverture, have and hold all the real and personal estate, her title to which shall accrue after this act shall have come into operation, free from the debts and obligations of her husband, and from his control or disposition, in all respects as if she had continued unmarried; but nothing contained in the act shall exempt any such property from the operation of any settlement or covenant to which it would have been subject if this act had not passed, or shall prejudice any vested rights or interest to which her husband may be entitled at the date at which the act comes into operation. The earnings of a married women in any trade or other occupation carried on by her separately from the trade or other occupation of her husband, it is proposed shall be deemed to be her personal estate. A husband shall not be liable for the debts of his wife contracted before marriage, and shall not be liable in damages for any wrong committed by her.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

A LONDON LETTER.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

LONDON, March 6th, 1869.

To the Editor of the Standard:

SIR.—Thanks to your *Senate*, the irrepressible Reverdy is at last sat upon; he dines but seldom, but in reaction suffers retributive bile, of which the Manchester oration is amply indicative; it troubles him much to think that any but he should settle the Alabama difficulty. So he frantically travesties Metternich and yells to us in spirit,—"After me, the Deluge."

Less wisy and more temperate people think differently. They look upon his hysterical utterences with calm indifference. Having had neither lot nor part with Lairds, Lindsays, nor Roebucks, they still possess clean hands and hearts, and although cajoled, refused to dine with His Excellency, or in any way associate themselves with the man who the moment he landed on our shores caressed the enemies of his country. On the contrary, they felt contempt for one who could so ostentatiously kiss America's greatest foe, when she was in the days of her direst tribulation.

Having done their duty from 1860-64, and strong in their rectitude, they refused to crouch for the first offer of settlement coming through the "*Tainted Medium.*" They despised, too, the caitiffs who hounded Bright and Forster in our Parliament, for defending your cause. They equally despise them now for their cowardice in having knelt to you. In a former letter I indicated the opinion of the Radicals here, that they thought the question was premature, and inopportune, for settlement last year, inasmuch as each government was abnormal and moribund, which the pending elections in both countries would this year rectify. This is now changed, and the life blood of the people pulsates in both executives. Under these altered conditions we venture to think the question is now ripe for discussion and adjustment, and as the Oligarchs have failed we now make our suggestion:

1st. It is, that our government should at once send a commission to Washington with full powers to close the matter.

2nd. That the commissioners should be John Bright, Wm. E. Forster and Lord Stanley.

We have faith to believe, that Americans would accept these three men as a compliment paid to them, on our part, as Bright and Foster were always friends, and Stanley remained neutral throughout the struggles. Their presence amongst you would go far towards procuring the requisite temper, so necessary for settling calmly the present strife.

As a legitimate corrollary our Ministry now rewards one of its assiduous auxiliaries, in the late agitation for that Radical suffrage, which in action has placed them strong in power.

Edmund Beales, the Reform League's President, now dons the ermine as one of our Judges. This distinction is well deserved. Unlike some other leaders, he guided not the popular movement for any unworthy motive or mere distinction; with him the work he undertook became a passion and part of himself, and faithfully he performed the duty his conscience placed before him.

The moment it became apparent that Whigs and Tories had sealed a compact, denying our right to vote, when the rulers in scorn hurled Gladstone from office, for asserting that right, and protesting the people were of one flesh and blood, maugre all distinctive grades; when the chivalrous Earl of Derby declared to the assembled Lords that the Radical struggle was one of *Ignorance* versus *Intelligence*, of indigence against affluence, of vice against virtue, and that it was his noble mission to stem the democratic tide; when indiscreet members of the same order gave vent to the wishes of the rest, that they desired to see the Thames run purple and the populace cannonaded in our thoroughfares, rather than any concession made; when the right of public meeting was challenged, and young strong men quailed and were prone to silence; when the avowed extremes of Clerkenwell were boiling with exasperate hate and prepared to rush madly upon fate, at that crisis of the Reform struggle, Edmund Beales leaped the breach, guided the surging storm, and rode the dangerous whirlwind until the bark of reform was landed in success. The movement in his hands, protected and secured the right of public meeting in our parks, keeping the masses well in rank. He compelled the same government that had derided the people's claims before many days had elapsed, to own its importance, and beg of him with the Reform League, to clear the Parks of the excited Londoners, and so secure public safety, as the government could not; and such was his power, backed by the League, that three days riot was quelled in a circle of Deal.

He was then, long past the meridian of life and in possession of a chancery practice got together by close application, helped out too with a government appointment. He might well have excused himself from active public life. This was not to be. In rage almost divine, he had taken the popular brief in hand, and well he studied and advocated it. In its prosecution all considerations, and emoluments were scattered to the winds, as he peregrinated the land, speaking everywhere in full determination to fight *à outrance* to victory the cause he had espoused. The rest is the History of England. The Oligarchs stood aghast and cowed before him, but order once more restored, they forgot their tribulations and in poltroonery took away his office of revising Barrister, thus pointing out and sanctioning neglect of him by the legal profession. But naught availed his enemies. Despite his poverty, strong in faith, and the confidence of all reformers, he maintained his battle with the aristocrats to the last, nor did he ever relax his efforts until a much broader suffrage was won from the very government that had so scornfully rejected Gladstone's lesser measure.

He now resigns the Presidency of this one powerful body and his retirement winds up the League. The various elements he had kept so well from kicking over traces, as he relaxes the ribbons' grasp sink to their normal conditions;—the Trade's unionists, to seek amendment of our social laws, the Radical dissenters to advocate religious equality, the Secularists, to blatantly oppose our common faith, Clerkenwell to roar its eternal jacobinism, and our Irish friends to the denunciation of Garibaldi. On review this is as it should be. There is no other ground ripe enough for our general agreement, and the Reform League, has finished its work, that of consolidating popular power. The Parliament being certain now to enact the Ballot, so the heterogeneous digits are no further in accord.

In taking retrospect we find that Mr. Beales' strongest power (paradoxical as it may appear) lay in the conservative element of his character; he is by nature and conviction deeply religious and Protestant, he thus possessed the confidence of our middle class religious Radicals. His defiance of public wrong kept to him the general popular voice, in concert with the others. The dread is now that none other at present can bind this marriage of Brain and Force longer together; meantime another League with broader programme is projected. The Presidents canvassed being Baxter Langley, Radical; Bradlaugh, Secularist; and Edger, Trades Unionist; all able, and eligible men, but it is as yet in the region of doubt, if either can command united voice.

The juggernaut of pauperism still rolls its loaded car, with vigor here. Parliament and every corporate body, stands appalled at it, and discusses plans to stop its terrible progress.

Philanthropists gravely contemplate cultivating our waste lands, and perversely refuse to calculate, whether the cost of labor required for the purpose, would not far exceed its value, when brought under cultivation, and if so where the difference must come from.

Cant still eschews the Matthus theory, although it now stands irrefragably proved true in England, viz., what in our circumscribed space, with all our energies taxed to tension, procreation yet outruns our accelerated resources of wealth-production; it is obvious now that the more we develope our artificial modes of living, still our paupers keep pace with it; few indeed seem to conceive that our only hope lies in gigantic emigration. Not the isolated expatriation as practiced heretofore, the result only of individual effort; we need a strong organized system, in character like that the ancient Romans carried out so successfully, taking for instance 1,000 people out together; thus forming at the outset a little community, with every advantage of social aid. The time seems opportune for such a trial: the policy of America is changed, she is overburdened with land, and England with labor. Our government too is prepared to reopen negotiations again with yours, to effect the withdrawal of your rule against taking our pauper population. I have now before me, through the courtesy of Col. R. J. Hinton, the 1867 return of your General Land Office. The area of your virgin soil is simple immensity, and it presents itself favorably to many thoughtful minds here, that if your Government could facilitate the grants of land, and ours find funds for emigrants, the result would be advantageous to all. By it much would be achieved for both countries, and a great step taken towards the solution of this vexed problem.

It is not proposed to leave the plan in departmental hands to carry out, and so open up jobbery, but that private companies or commissions should be formed of men, that move with and have, the interest, and confidence, of workingmen, in order to secure proper selection and management of the emigrants; the whole plan to be under some national supervision and aid. On the first blush this scheme looks eminently practical to the end desired.

Apropos of the subject, I see by the latest files that the *Tribune* traces our impoverished condition to Free Trade, and points our folly as a warning to you, but singular paradox, the *Irish Republic* asserts that this same Free Trade has made us purse-proud, and haughty, and preaches against so supporting us hereafter, simply to ensure us that poverty we have. Perhaps both are right, still combined they know little of the matter; the cause of both our wealth and poverty lies far deeper than either vision reaches.

LITERARY.

"The Americans are a population of very thirsty souls. I do not know whether the cause of this is the dryness of the climate, or the habits of the people, or both combined. All day long, throughout the winter as well as the other seasons of the year, people are drinking water with ice floating in it. Many persons finish their breakfast with a large tumbler of this. Wherever men congregate, whether in the drawing-rooms of hotels, or of private houses, or even in railway cars, there is to be found the ever-present and ever needed iced water. I found myself thirstier, and drank a great deal more in America than I had ever done before; and like the natives, I felt a repugnance to drink water, however cold the weather might be, without ice in it. Now again in England, I am satisfied with perhaps one-fourth of the water I needed in the United States, and I have no desire for the ice I regarded almost as a necessary there."—p. 66.

"Last Winter in the United States. By F. Barham Zincke, Vicar of Wherstead, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. 314 pp. London: 1868."

"One infers how much more completely the fabric of society rested on slavery in South Carolina than it did in Virginia, by the fact that three-fourths of the devastation caused by the great fire at Richmond have been already repaired, while nothing has been done to repair the damages done by the great fire at Charleston, which destroyed the whole of the centre of the city. Literally not one single brick has yet been laid upon another for this purpose. There stand the blackened remains of churches, residences and stores, just as if it were a city of the dead.

"Still, even here I was surprised at the extent and magnitude of the hotels. I had taken up my quarters at the Mills House, where I suppose there were three hundred guests. I saw another, the Pavilion, quite as large; and I was told of a third, the Charleston Hotel, which was described to me as being much larger than either of the two just mentioned." *Ib.*, 116, 177, pp. * *

"Still, the feeling that came over one at Charleston was, How far off this place is from the world! It was not the distance that caused this feeling, for it is only nine hundred miles from New York, while Chicago, where one has no feelings of this kind, is three hundred miles further off. Perhaps fifty years hence, when probably a busy white population will be cultivating the land around it, there will be nothing in the place to suggest the thought that, when there, one is out of the world." *Ib.*, 118 p.

"In my tour throughout the greater part of the Union, I was never mistaken for a native. On some occasions, before I had spoken a word I was addressed as an Englishman. I could not imagine what it was that revealed my nationality. Was it my dress? or the look of my luggage? or was it my manner? It once happened—it was between Gordonsville and Richmond—that a gentleman in the train even went still further, by divining at a glance not only my nationality, but also that I was a clergyman; for he began, 'I suppose, sir, I am addressing an English clergyman.' I was puzzled, and could only be certain that it was not my dress that had enabled him to make the discovery. The single point at which their sagacity was ever at fault appeared to be the motive which had induced me to undertake so long a journey; (of course I am only speaking of the persons one casually meets in a rail-road car). In the South, and up the Mississippi, I frequently heard the supposition that I had come across the water to establish some kind of business. I was supposed on the prairies to be speculating in land; in the Rocky Mountains, to have an eye to gold-mining. But to go back to the original point. I was once told what it was that had betrayed me on that particular occasion, and to that particular gentleman. He had taken his seat at the same breakfast-table as myself, at the Gayoso Hotel, at Memphis. We had not been talking together long, when he announced to me that I was an Englishman, and how he had made the discovery. 'Sir,' he said 'it is impossible for a foreigner to escape detection in this country. His speech always betrays him. There is a harshness and a coarseness in foreign tones which an American instantly observes, because Americans themselves all speak with soft and musical intonations; it is natural to them.—*Ib.* pp. 147, 148.

The (Boston) *Sunday Times*, in a notice of Mrs. Howe's *Battle Hymn of the Republic*, says:

"The wife of a well-known writer and editor of this city tells an interesting story of the manner in which Mrs. Julia Ward Howe came to write this noble hymn. The two ladies were in Washington together at the time, engaged in matters pertaining to the great war-charities. One afternoon, news came that an action between our forces and the rebels was threatening, and aided by passes from high powers, they rode to the scene and at a distance witnessed the fight. The night was beautiful, and the moon-light and the clouds of smoke rolled up against the sky made a picture thrilling and sublime. When they returned to their hotel, Mrs. ——— retired, leaving Mrs. Howe gazing through the night, wrapt in thought. At about five in the morning, she was awakened by Mrs. Howe, who handed her some manuscript, and asked her to read it and give her opinion as to its merits, adding that she felt when she got home that she must write something, and couldn't sleep till it was done. The manuscript contained the famous "Battle Hymn," which will last as long as English literature. Her friend's admiration was so great that Mrs. Howe decided to allow the poem to be published, to attain what popularity we all know.

RECEIVED.

STUDIES IN GENERAL SCIENCE. By Antoinette Brown Blackwell. 356 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son.

A REVIEW OF MR. BRIGHT'S SPEECHES. By George Washburn Smalley. Reprinted from the *New York Tribune*. 46 pp. London: MacMillan & Co.

The Atlantic Monthly for April. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

Our Young Folks for April. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

The Herald of Health for April. New York: Miller, Wood & Co.

The Danish Islands; Are We bound in honor to pay for them? By James Parton. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

BY-WAYS OF EUROPE. By Bayard Taylor. 470 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son.

The Radical for April. Boston: S. H. Morse and J. B. Marvin, Editors and Proprietors.

The Ladies Repository for April. Boston: Universalist Publishing House.

Merry's Museum for April. Boston: H. B. Fuller.

MARRIED.

FISH—MARSH.—On Thursday, December 24th, by the Rev. Thomas S. Hastings, Thomas E. Fish to Isabella D. V., Daughter of Joseph Y. Marsh, Esq.—all of this city.

OBITUARY.

MARY W. MAGILL.

DIED.—On the 25th of 3rd mo., (March), Mary W. Magill, widow of Jonathan P. Magill, aged 72 years.

"Genius appears in many different guises. To some she comes harp in hand, as St. Cecilia, and in her presence all thought and feeling express themselves in harmonious sound, to others she bears the pencil and chisel and guides their hands to the production of beautiful forms; to others still she comes without harp or pencil, and breathes into their spirits the power to make others love them. In this last guise she comes very quietly and the world knows nothing of her coming, but it is one of her most beneficent forms. It is good to be lifted up by inspired music, by beautiful pictures, by great thoughts. It is best of all to love." If it is blessed to love, it is doubly blessed to love those who leave us, the high example of a noble and self-sacrificing life.

"Still shines the light of holy lives,
Like star beams over doubt;
Each sainted memory, Christ-like drives
Some dark possession out."

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WE venture to say that there is no such health-preserving and life-restoring agency within our reach as the Turkish bath, and yet there is none so little known and appreciated.

Many persons have a vague idea that in taking a Turkish bath they must pass through a fearful ordeal, and so dread it and let it alone. This is a great mistake. If the thousands who have such ideas of the bath, or are ignorant of it altogether, knew its value, or the pleasure of its enjoyment, the demand would be so great that the supply would be quite inadequate.

We have taken the bath regularly for three years at the establishment of Dr. Shepard, No. 63 Columbia street, Brooklyn Heights, and have been much benefited thereby. The Doctor is an enthusiast on the subject, and so does everything connected with it well.

Reader, go to Brooklyn and try a Turkish bath. If you are sick, use it as a health restoring agency; if well, as the means of preserving health and promoting cleanliness.

TO ALL IN WANT OF HELP.

THE undersigned being well acquainted with the wants and condition of the Freedmen of Washington, D. C., would like to secure compensating labor and homes for men, women and children from the North.

Persons wishing help, will please enclose the money necessary to pay the fare and $1.00 for office fees.

Refer to E. M. Davis, Philadelphia, Hon. S. J. Bowen, Mayor of Washington.

G. F. NEEDHAM,
425 Massachusetts Avenue.

I recommend all who want help to write to Needham. He is impelled to do what he offers to, from the intrest he has in the freed people. E. M. DAVIS.

tf.

Special Notices.

PHOTOGRAPH OF JOHN G. WHITTIER.

We have completed arrangements which enable us to offer, as an additional premium for new subscribers, a life-like, handsomely finished, medium sized photograph of JOHN G. WHITTIER. It is of the same size, and in the same finished style, as that of Mr. Phillips, and by the same artist, Mr. Augustus Marshall, 145 Tremont street, Boston. As a photographer, Mr. Marshall is equalled by few, and surpassed by none in Boston, or elsewhere. Each photograph will be accompanied by Mr. Whittier's autograph. We doubt not that many of our readers, by whom everything from Mr. Whittier's pen is fondly treasured, will be glad to avail themselves of this favorable opportunity to obtain a recent and truthful likeness of him. It is the best we have ever seen of him, and will, we have no doubt, give excellent satisfaction to his numerous friends.

To any one who will remit to us for two new subscribers, one year, ($6), or to any old subscriber, remitting also for one new subscriber ($6), we will send post paid a copy of the excellent photograph of Mr. Whittier.

To any one remitting for three new subscribers, ($9), or renewing, and remitting for two new subscribers ($9), we will send one copy of the photograph of John G. Whittier, and one of Wendell Phillips.

SPECIAL PREMIUM.—PHOTOGRAPH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

WE have arranged to offer as a premium for subscribers for THE STANDARD a life-like, beautifully finished, medium sized photograph of WENDELL PHILLIPS, made for us by a distinguished Boston artist. We have had many calls for photographs of Mr. Phillips, suitable for framing, which we have hitherto been unable to supply. We have at last a likeness of him which we pronounce eminently satisfactory, and which we think will prove to be so to his many friends by whom it will be desired. Each photograph will have also Mr. Phillips' autograph. To all our subscribers who renew their own subscriptions and remit for one new subscriber ($6); or to any one who sends us the names of two new subscribers for one year ($6), we will forward, post paid, a copy of Mr. Phillips' photograph, the retail price of which is $2.50.

WE will send post-paid, to any one renewing a subscription for THE STANDARD and sending one new subscriber ($6); or remitting for two new subscribers ($6), a copy of ANNA E. DICKINSON'S new book, 301 pages, just issued by Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, entitled "WHAT ANSWER?" As with her voice, so with her pen, Miss Dickinson pleads eloquently the cause of the still oppressed colored people. The story is one of thrilling interest, characterized by a noble purpose and high moral tone. It deserves, and will doubtless achieve, a wide circulation. Our premium offer puts it within easy reach of thousands.

WE continue to offer to old subscribers who renew their subscriptions and send one new subscriber for the year ($6); or to any who will send two new subscribers ($6); either of the following very desirable books:

Wendell Phillips' "Speeches, Lectures and Letters," 562 pages, with steel portrait—price $2.50.

Lydia Maria Child's Romance of the Republic, 442 pages—price $2.50.

Caroline H. Dall's "College, Market and Court, 498 pages—price $2.50.

CLUB RATES.

We will hereafter send *The Radical* ($4.50 a year) and THE STANDARD, each one year to old, or new subscribers, the two for $5.50;—

The Woman's Advocate ($2.00 a year) and THE STANDARD, the two for $4.00;—

The Herald of Health ($2.00 a year) and THE STANDARD, the two for $3.50;—

Merry's Museum ($1.50 a year) and THE STANDARD, the two for $3.50.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

In making remittances for subscriptions, always procure a draft on New York, or a *Post-Office Money Order*, if possible. Where neither of these can be procured, send the money, *but always in a* REGISTED *letter*. The registration fee has been reduced to *fifteen cents*, and the present registration system has been found by the postal authorities to be virtually an absolute protection against losses by mail. *All* Postmasters are obliged to register letters whenever requested to do so.

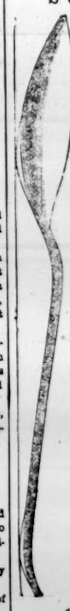
Subscribers to THE STANDARD in Philadelphia and vicinity, will please take notice that they can renew their subscriptions as well by sending their money *direct* to Aaron M. Powell, Editor of THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 39 Nassau street, New York City," as to me, and that it may cost less in money and time to do so.

E. M. DAVIS.

FEB. 16, 1869.

Advertisements.

SOMETHING NEW.



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Miscellaneous Department.

THE BROOK.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Oh, sweet and still around the hill
Thy silver waters, Brook, are creeping;
Beneath the hill as sweet and still
Thy weary friend lies sleeping.
A laurel leaf is in his hair,
His eyes are closed to human seeming,
And surely he has dreams most fair,
If he indeed be dreaming.

O Brook, he smiled, a happy child,
Upon thy banks, and loved thy crying,
And, as time flew, thy murmur grew
A trouble purifying;
Till, last, thy laurel leaf he took,
Dream-eyed and tearful, like a woman,
And turned thy haunting cry, O Brook,
To speech divine and human.

O Brook! in song full sweet and strong
He sang of thee he loved so dearly;
Then softly creep around his sleep,
And murmur to him cheerly;
For though he knows nor fret nor fear,
Though life no more slips strangely through him,
Yet he may sleep more sound to hear
His friend so close unto him.

And when at last the sleepers cast
Their swathes aside, and, wandering, waken,
Let thy friend be full tenderlie
In silver arms uptaken.
Him be it then thy task to bear
Up to the Footstool, softly flowing—
Smiles on his eyes, and in his hair
Thy leaf of laurel blowing.

A CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Down by the river's bank in Ratcliffe, I was turning upward by a side street, therefore, to regain the railway, when my eyes rested on the inscription across the road, "East London Children's Hospital." I could scarcely have seen an inscription better suited to my frame of mind, and I went across and went straight in.

I found the Children's Hospital established in an old sail-loft or storehouse, of the roughest nature, and on the simplest means. There were trap-doors in the floors where goods had been hoisted up and down; heavy feet and heavy weights had started every knot in the well-trodden planking; inconvenient bulks and beams and awkward staircases perplexed my passage through the wards. But I found it airy, sweet and clean. In its seven-and-thirty beds I saw but little beauty, for starvation in the second or third generation takes a pinched look; but I saw the sufferings both of infancy and childhood tenderly assuaged; I heard the little patients answering to pet, playful names, the light touch of a delicate lady laid bare the wasted sticks of arms for me to pity; and the claw-like little hands, as she did so, twined themselves lovingly around her wedding-ring.

One baby mite there was as pretty as any of Raphael's angels. The tiny head was bandaged for water on the brain, and it was suffering with acute bronchitis, too, and made from time to time a plaintive, though not impatient or complaining, little sound. The smooth curve of the cheeks and of the chin was faultless in its condensation of infantine beauty, and the large bright eyes were most lovely. It happened, as I stopped at the foot of the bed, that these eyes rested upon mine with that wistful expression of wondering thoughtfulness which we all know sometimes in very little children. They remained fixed on mine, and never turned from me while I stood there. When the utterance of that plaintive sound shook the little form, the gaze still remained unchanged. I felt as though the child implored me to tell the story of the little hospital in which it was sheltered to any gentle heart I could address. Laying my world-worn hand upon the little, unmarked clasped hand at the chin, I gave it a silent promise that I would do so.

A gentleman and lady, a young husband and wife, have bought and fitted up this building for its present noble use, and have quietly settled themselves in it as its medical officers and directors. Both have had considerable practical experience of medicine and surgery; he, as house surgeon of a great London Hospital; she, as a very earnest student, tested by severe examination, and also as a nurse of the sick poor during the prevalence of cholera.

With every qualification to lure them away, with youth and accomplishments and tastes and habits that can have no response in any breast near them, close begirt by every repulsive circumstance inseparable from such a neighborhood, there they dwell. They live in the Hospital itself, and their rooms are on the first floor. Sitting at their dinner table, they could hear the cry of one of the children in pain. The lady's piano, drawing materials, books, and other such evidences of refinement, are as much a part of the rough place as the iron bedsteads of the little patients. They are put to shifts for room like passengers on board ship. The dispenser of medicines—attracted to them, not by self-interest, but by their own magnetism and that of their cause—sleeps in a recess in the dining-room, and has his washing apparatus in the sideboard.

Their contented manner of making the best of the things around them, I found so pleasantly inseparable from their usefulness! Their pride in this partition that we put up ourselves, or in that partition that we took down, or in that other partition that we moved, or in the stove that was given us for the waiting-room, or in our nightly conversion of the little consulting-room into a smoking-room. Their admiration of the situation, if we could only get rid of its one objectionable incident the coal-yard at the back! "Our hospital carriage, presented by a friend, and very useful." That was my presentation to a perambulator, for which a coach-house had been discovered in a corner down stairs, just large enough to hold it. Colored prints, in all stages of preparation for being added to those already decorating the wards, were plentiful; a charming wooden phenomenon of a bird, with an impossible top-knot, who ducked his head when you set a counter weight going, had been inaugurated as a public statue that very morning; and trotting about among the beds, on familiar terms with all the patients, was a comical mongrel dog, called Poodles. This comical dog (quite a tonic in himself) was found characteristically starving at the door of the Institution, and was taken in and fed, and has lived here ever since. An admirer of his mental endowments has presented him with a collar bearing the legend, "Judge not Poodles by external appearances." He was merrily wagging his tail on a boy's pillow when he made this modest appeal to me.

When this hospital was first opened, in January of the present year, the people could not possibly conceive but that somebody paid for the services rendered there; and were disposed to claim them as a right, and to find fault if out of temper. They soon came to understand the case better, and have much increased in gratitude. The mothers of the patients avail themselves very freely of the visiting rules; the fathers often on Sundays. There is an unreasonable (but still, I think, touching and intelligible) tendency in the parents to take a child away to its wretched home, if on the point of death. One boy who had been thus carried off on a rainy night, when in a violent state of inflammation, and who had been afterwards brought back, had been recovered with exceeding difficulty; but he was a jolly boy, with a specially strong interest in his dinner, when I saw him.

Insufficient food and unwholesome living are the main causes of disease among these small patients. So nourishment, cleanliness and ventilation are the main remedies. Discharged patients are looked after, and invited to come and dine now and then; so are certain famishing creatures who were never patients. Both the lady and the gentleman are well acquainted, not only with the histories of the patients and their families, but with the characters and circumstances of great numbers of their neighbors; of these they keep a register. It is their common experience that people, sinking down by inches into deeper and deeper poverty, will conceal it, even from them, if possible, unto the very last extremity.

The nurses of this Hospital are all young—ranging, say, from nineteen to four-and-twenty. They have, even within these narrow limits what many well-endowed hospitals would not give them, a comfortable room of their own in which to take their meals. It is a beautiful truth, that interest in the children and sympathy with their sorrows bind these young women to their places far more strongly than any other consideration could. The best skilled of the nurses came originally from a kindred neighborhood, almost as poor, and she knew how much the work was needed. She is a fair dressmaker. The Hospital cannot pay her as many pounds in the year as there are months in it, and one day the lady regarded it as a duty to speak to her about her improving her prospects and following her trade. "No," she said; she could never be so useful or so happy elsewhere any more; she must stay among the children. And she stays. One of the nurses, as I passed her, was washing a baby-boy. Liking her pleasant face, I stopped to speak to her charge; a common, bullet-headed, frowning charge enough, laying hold of his own nose with a slippery grasp, and staring very solemnly out of a blanket. The melting of the pleasant face into delighted smiles as this young gentleman gave an unexpected kick, and laughed at me, was almost worth my previous pain.

DESPAIR NOT.

BY WM. H. HOLCOMBE.

Despair not—faint not—aching Heart
But bravely, meekly bear thy part
Among God's suffering creatures:
Though touched by every human pain,
And kindling with a high disdain
Of all ignoble natures.

The powers of God are not withdrawn,
But work in silent sweetness on:
Who made the world will save it;
And breathing from high heaven until
He fashions all things to His will,
As He would have, will have it.

The Saints who have to glory risen,
The Martyrs from the stake and prison,
Apostles, Prophets, Angels,
Have leagued to fire the human heart
To holier issues and impart
New life and new evangels.

Then faint not, pause not, aching Heart
But bravely, meekly do thy part
To speed the future coming.
Our Christ-like yearnings are the powers
Which sow the land with living flowers
And set the world to blooming.

For spirit is the final cause:
Our spirits modify the laws
Whereby the earth is moving:
The tropic storms would cease to beat,
The frozen poles would melt with heat
If human hearts were loving.

LIVING GERMS IN THE AIR.

The Boston Journal of Commerce remarks:

"The air we breathe and the water we drink are full of spores and organic germs, all of which seem to have a purpose to subserve in the economy of things. If any one doubts the statement of scientific men regarding the presence of these germs, he has only to become acquainted with the use of the miscroscope to convince himself of their entire truthfulness. Separate from the common maple tree a bit of the adhering dry lichen, or moss, as it is called, moisten it with water, and place over it a glass slide. The spores or seeds, which lie dormant when the lichen is dry immediately become vitalized, and rising into the air are caught upon the glass, and with a power of 400 diameters can be seen and studied. The simple experiment will illustrate the origin and nature of what are called spores, and the air is filled with thousands of varieties, arising from as many sources.

"Dr. Smith and Mr. Dancer, of Manchester, England, have recently been examining the air of that city, and have found it loaded with them. The air was first washed by shaking it in a bottle with distilled water, and in a drop of the water it was reckoned that there were about 250,000 spores. In the quantity of air respired by a man in ten hours there would be more than thirty-seven and a half millions. All these germs float in the air, ready to spring into activity whenever the conditions of life are favorable. The varieties and sources of fungoid growths from which the spores arise are wonderful. A fungus is known which develops only on the corpses of spiders; another, which grows only on the hoofs of horses in a state of decomposition. The isaria has yet been observed only on certain night butterflies; there are other species which invade the larvæ and chrysalids.

"Hooker has discovered a fungus which attains considerable dimensions (from ten to twelve centimers) but which is found absolutely only on the neck of a certain caterpillar in tropical countries. It vegetates on the animal, fructifies on it, and the caterpillar buries it with itself in the ground, whence it springs like a funeral plume. Still more, a vegetable is known, the *racodium cellare*, which has never been found except on the casks in wine cellars, and another which lives only on the drops of soot which the workmen let fall on the soil of the mines. 'Have the seeds of these vegetables remained without use from the origin of the world to the day that they found their proper soil?'"

THE JEWISH CEMETERY AT NEWPORT.—Passing the Jewish cemetery, Kate and Harry paused a moment. The sky was almost cloudless, the air was full of a thousand scents and songs, the rose-tints in the sky were deepening, the star paling, while a few vague clouds went wandering upward, and dreamed themselves away.

"There is a grave in that cemetery," said Kate, gently, "where lovers should always be sitting. It lies behind that tall monument; I cannot see it for the blossoming boughs. There were two young cousins who loved each other from childhood, but were separated, because Jews do not allow such unions. Neither of them was ever married; and they lived to be very old, the one in New Orleans, the other at the North. In their last illnesses each dreamed of walking in the fields with the other, as in their early days; and the telegraphic despatches that told their deaths crossed each other on the way. That is his monument, and her grave was made behind it; there was no room for a stone."

Kate moved a step or two, that she might see the graves. The branches opened clear. What living lovers had met there, at this strange hour, above the dust of lovers dead? She saw with amazement, and walked on quickly that Harry might not also see.

It was Emilia who sat beside the grave, her dark hair drooping and dishevelled, her carnation cheeks still brilliant after the night's excitement; and he who sat at her feet, grasping her hand in both of his, while his lips poured out passionate words to which she eagerly listened, was Philip Malbone.

Here, upon the soil of a new nation, lay a spot whose associations seemed already as old as time could make them—the last footprint of a tribe now vanished from this island forever—the resting-place of a race whose very funerals would soon be no more. Each April the robins built their nests around these crumbling stones, each May they reared their broods, each June the clover blossomed, each July the wild strawberries grew cool and red; all around was youth and life and ecstacy, and yet the stones bore inscriptions in an unknown language, and the very graves seemed dead.

And lovelier than all the youth of Nature, little Emilia sat there in the early light, her girlish existence gliding into that drama of passion which is older than the buried nations, older than time, than death, than all things save life and God.—*From Higginson's "Malbone," in the Atlantic Monthly.*

ASCENDING AND DESCENDING ANGELS.

BY ROBERT COLLYER.

It will be very pleasant and good that every man in this church succeed in his calling. It is indispensable that the very hardnesses and hindrances that rise up to appall him shall, by his right determination, turn to ministering angels. And I can hardly trust myself to say what angels couch in the saddest places of our life—in the sick-room, by the death-bed, in the shadows of a sore disappointment, in the hope deferred that maketh the heart sick, in the very dungeons of despair. We shrink and shudder, and say, "I shall go down to my grave mourning." But some morning, all at once, we bethink us of the little key called *promise*; and it opens the dungeon door, and we creep out, blinking sadly into the sun. But there is the sun, sure enough, and we had thought he would never shine again; and here are the green pastures, and there the shining river. And men and women look at us with a new tenderness, because our lot has been so sad. Then the song sings itself somehow again; and, while we would shrink and shudder just as much next time, we cannot but discover how, in our very griefs, there were hidden angels reaching up to hide, within the dark experience, some treasures of patience or trust we could never have possessed, had the angels only descended on us, and our life been one long joy.

And I know, when I say all this, that I speak to common experience through the whole range of this angelhood. I think we do not begin to realize as we ought what ministries cluster round our life, to aid us in being what we may be—angels, every one, thick about us every day, bearing us in their hands, and lifting us up when we are fallen. Their faces gladden us when we do well, and grow very sad at us when we sin. Aye, and in some way those that we speak of and think of as in heaven love us still with all the old love of earth, and all the new love of heaven together. So, because they love us still, we are still one, our souls are in theirs, and they in ours. We touch hands in the spirit, and the light that is not the light of the sun covers and enfolds us all.—*Nature and Life.*

TO REFORMERS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Oh, ye who, with undoubting eyes
Through present cloud and gathering storm,
Behold the span of Freedom's skies,
And sunshine soft and warm,—

Press bravely onward!—not in vain
Your generous trust in human kind;
The good which bloodshed cannot gain,
Your peaceful zeal shall find.

The weapons which your hands have found,
Are those which Heaven itself has wrought,
Light, Truth and Love;—your battle-ground
The free, broad field of Thought.

SACREDNESS OF LABOR.

Let the mistress of the house regard work as one of the hard conditions of vulgar life, she will soon find, to her astonishment, that the meanest servant in her kitchen has learned so to regard it. From the highest to the lowest each hands down to the other the distasteful task. If performed at all, it will be by some poor drudge who is beyond remonstrance and hopeless of justice. Or, let the head of any department become an idle, empty, fine gentleman, and see how soon he shall have nothing but similar gentlemen under him. But let the head of the house take pleasure in such a measure of household work as is consonate with other inevitable occupations, and a different spirit prevades the family, servants and all. From the broom and duster to the wash-tub and rolling-pin, all the implements of labor are glorified, and the results are not only to the enjoyment of some but to the credit of all.

In the circle of American life with which you and I are most familiar, this dread and dislike of work is a feature, and an unhappy one. The fine lady in the parlor experiences a little tremor in asking the fine lady in the kitchen to do what she would not do, for the world. Ah! my lady, if God works, you should work, and if you did work your example, more than any precept, would teach those under your guidance to work also.

The reason why we find a more religious spirit in the laborious than in the leisured classes of society lies not, as is usually supposed, in their greater ignorance or privation, but in their greater industry. It is not because they know no geology or socialogy that they receive religious ideas with sincere and simple acceptance. It is because the divine fact of work is woven into their lives as it rarely enters the lives of those who possess wealth or pursue knowledge simply as a pleasure.

The theory of no work belongs to a low stage of moral and æsthetic culture. In its relation to present society it is full of snobism, and smells of the parvenu. In all heroic periods the great work as well as the small. Spinning, weaving, the care of the household, and the nurture of children, are pursuits dignified by tradition. Even washing was not held in horror in Homer's time, and the white-armed Nausicaa, warm with work, looked lovelier in the eyes of Ulysses than she would have appeared got up and set up in a pillory of dress, incapable of any but the passive function of being looked at.

A footman of weak mind, coming into a fortune, would probably desire his wife, sons and daughters, to shine in finery, and to make an ostentation of idleness; but a gentleman with the average intelligence of his class should grieve at nothing so much as at the want of service or of use in any belonging to him.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.

VALLEY OF JEHOSOPHAT.—The efforts the Jews have made, and sufferings, losses and humiliations they have borne for the purpose of obtaining sepulture in the Valley of Jehosophat, form a singular feature in human history. No other nation has ever thus struggled, not to live in their own land, but to be suffered to lay their dust therein. Many descriptions have been made of this marvellous place; but I confess none of them ever afforded me a notion of its actual appearance. Wandering alone past the fountain of Siloam and by the arid bed of Kedron, it suddenly opened to me a perfect mountain of graves—a hillside paved with sepulchral slabs. Each stone is small, so small as to lead to the conclusion that the bodies must be buried perpendicularly. At all events, if the multitude there interred were simultaneously to arise they would form a crowd as dense and compact as it would be enormous. Short Hebrew inscriptions, some evidently of great age—are on all the stones; and these are laid together with intervals of only a few inches, as in our oldest churches. The slabs are almost on the level of the ground, and of equal height, so that it is literally one large pavement of death—an appalling, almost an overwhelming sight.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

WHIPPING OXEN.—It is a cruel and generally useless act of barbarism to whip oxen; yet many farmers are in the habit of continually keeping the whip going when teaming their cattle. Instead of inviting the animals to exertion by proper words, the first intimation the poor creatures have from their master that he desires them to start, is a cut of the whip or a prick from the goad. This is not only savage, but absolutely wicked, and wholly unnecessary. Another practice often seen is that of pounding and thrashing the oxen because they don't readily back a load, when they have not been learned to back an empty cart down hill. I have no doubt that the selling value of many a yoke of oxen is depreciated from twenty-five to seventy-five dollars, by being abused in this way. If animals are desired to work, they must first be taught to work, and when they understand what is wanted of them they will cheerfully comply. But there is a better way to communicate your desires to them than through the whip. Kindness and skilful management is far better. Remember that "a merciful man is merciful to his beast."—*The People.*

HAPPY THOUGHT ON THE STARS.—Looking at the stars (it *is* clearer now), I remember how African travellers in the deserts, or jungles, or prairies, or somewhere where nobody is, except occasional lions and tigers, guide themselves by the stars. Wonder how they do it. M. Du Chaillu in his book says he did it. I suppose it requires a thorough knowledge of the heavenly bodies. At present the only heavenly body I know is the Great Bear; which by the way, is about as much like a bear as—as—say a poker. (That's where I fail, in simile). If I looked at the Great Bear, I wonder where I should get to at last. In other directions, too, you see other stars and lights. This would be very puzzling. Sailors steer by the stars. It must be very difficult to find which way to turn at sea. First turning to the left, we'll say, for instance, takes you to America. Well, that can't be easy to find at any time—specially at night. At least, I've always thought so, looking at it from Brighton.—*Burnaud's "Happy Thoughts."*

THE VARIOUS USES OF GLASS.—When we consider the many uses to which glass is applied, its cheapness, its purity, its beauty, we find that it possesses the valuable qualities of nearly all the metals, incorruptible as gold, clear as silver, useful as iron, what would our houses be without it? It keeps the cold out, it lets the light in. We drink out of it, and we see ourselves in it. Besides fulfilling a thousand common and domestic uses, it is made into gems that rival the brilliancy of the diamond, and into lenses which give new realms to human vision. It restores eyesight to the aged, and remedies the defective eyesight of the young. It magnifies objects invisible to the naked eye, so that they can be distinctly seen and studied; and it brings the heavens near. To it we owe our intimate acquaintance with the stars. The telescope is the father of modern astronomy, and the soul of the telescope is glass.—J. T. TROWBRIDGE *in Our Young Folks for March.*

THE CHILD ANGEL.

Little tongues that chatter, chatter—
Little feet that patter, patter
With a ceaseless motion all the day—
Little eyes that softly lighten—
Little cheeks that flush and brighten—
Little voices singing at their play—

In my memory awaken
Thoughts of one who has been taken—
Of a little heart that beats no more—
Of a little voice that's ringing,
'Mid the angels sweetly singing,
Songs of gladness on a distant shore.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

PERSIAN CLOTH WORK.—Nothing can be prettier than the mosaic needlework of the Persians, or more exquisite than the patterns with which they braid cloths of red, blue and black, for slippers, or cushions, or chair covers. Why, instead of working impossible cabbage-roses and giantesque lilies—absurd caricatures of the originals which nature can alone make beautiful—do not English-women purchase these really artistic patterns and learn some of the first principles of coloring from the Hindoos and Persians, whose eyes, it seems, cannot play them false? There are always many Turkish ladies shopping in the bazaars, cheapening the goods, and troubling the attentive shopmen in a quite civilized manner. Touters will beset you, offering to guide your uncertain steps in the labyrinth of indirect crooked ways, which present themselves to your choice at every turn; they cunningly suggest every article of which they fancy you may be in search, in a language which is a mixture of bad French and bad Italian; but if you are of my mind you will rid yourself of their troublesome attentions, and leave your outcoming to fate, sufficiently amused in the curious many-colored life before you.—*From the Levant, by R. A. Arnold.*

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REPORT OF U. S. COMMISSIONER, T. W. EVANS, M. D., MEMBER OF THE JURY OF THE UNIVERSAL EXPOSITION, TO THE UNITED STATES. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, SECRETARY, DEPARTMENT OF STATE. To wit:

DR. HUDSON has received from the IMPERIAL COMMISSION a BRONZE MEDAL and DIPLOMA, for the limbs sent by him, which have been particularly admired, and are in execution unquestionably the most remarkable in the Exposition." (The only Limbs which had the award of the Medal.)

TESTIMONIAL OF THE

CONFERENCE

OF THE

INTERNATIONAL SANITARY COMMISSION

AT THE EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE, PARIS, 1867.

"IN THE NAME OF THE CONFERENCE OF ASSOCIATIONS FOR THE RELIEF OF WOUNDED SOLDIERS AND SAILORS,

"I have the honor to inform you that a MEDAL has been awarded to you, by the Assembly of Delegates at the Distinguished Seance of the 31st of August, 1867—for the services which you have rendered to the cause of Universal Humanity.

PARIS, September 8th, 1868.

COUNT SERUIER, Commissioner General of the International Exposition, President of the Conference.
COUNT G. de CHABOLY, T. GAUVIY, } General Secretaries.

To Monsieur Hudson."

E. D. HUDSON, M D., 696 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Specialty of Mechanical Surgery, and Artificial Legs and Arms.

21—tf

THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

VOL. XXIX. PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

AARON M. POWELL, EDITOR.

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